

A CHILD'S LIFE OF
George Washington



By
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With illustrations by
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FIRST EDITION

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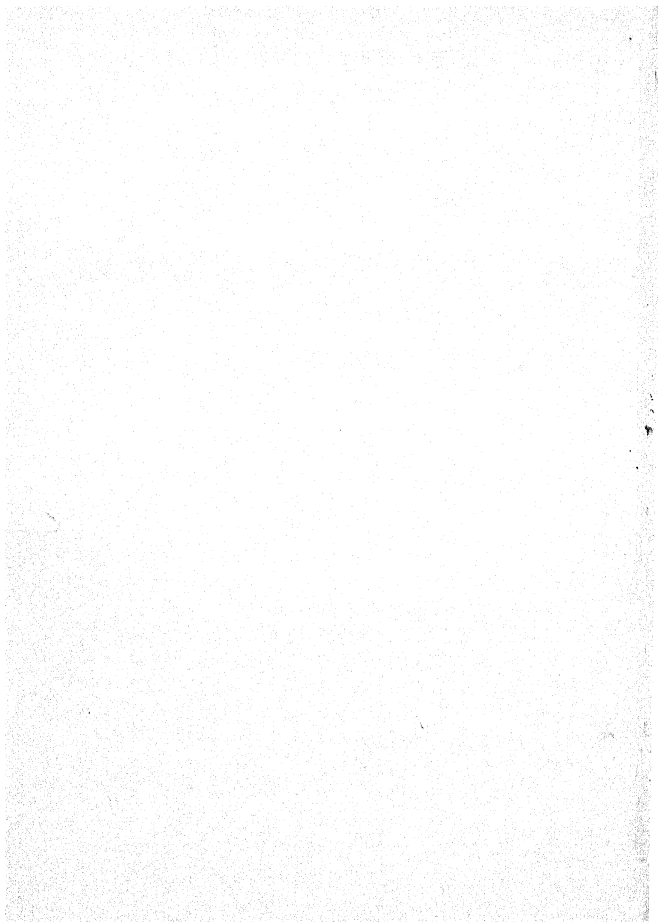
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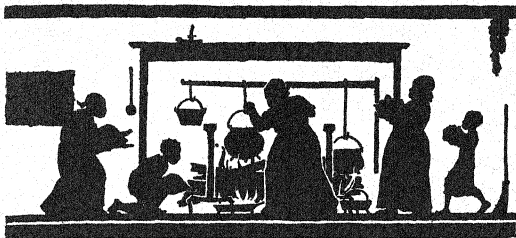
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A Little Boy in Old Virginia





In the little boy's mother's kitchen.

1

ONCE upon a time there was a little boy whose father did not have a car or an airplane. There were no cars or airplanes then. People had never heard of such things.

The little boy's father had a big, heavy carriage called a coach. It was pulled by four horses. When the roads were very muddy, six horses pulled it.

When the little boy's family went anywhere in the coach—to visit their cousins or friends—several big, strong colored men rode with them on horseback. The colored men were called slaves. They belonged to the little boy's father. He had bought them—just as he had bought his horses and cows and sheep and pigs.

The reason the colored men rode near the coach was

that the country was wild and dangerous in those days. They had to be ready to drive away Indians—and robbers—and bears and wildcats that might run out of the dark woods along the muddy roads.

The little boy lived in a very nice brick house on a very large farm. Two big brick chimneys were built on the outside of the house at both ends. Upstairs, five cunning little windows called dormer windows extended in a row from the great sloping roof.

In summer, the rain made friendly sounds when it pattered down on the great roof. In winter, deep snows which piled up about the house and its four chimneys made it look exactly like the kind of home to which Santa Claus and his reindeer would simply love to come!

The little boy's mother liked her pleasant home very much. But she did not have in it any of the things which your mother feels she simply could not do without!

She did not have electric lights—or an electric sweeper—or washing machine—or stove—or iron—or toaster—or sewing machine—or ice box. She did not have a radio. She did not even have a bathroom.

But she did have good, kind colored women who helped her do all her work. The colored women were slaves, just as the colored men were. They belonged to the little boy's father, who had bought them just as he had bought his colored men. The slaves lived in groups of little cabins called the quarters. They were not very far from the nice brick house.

In the little boy's mother's kitchen there was a great open fireplace with a great iron crane on which heavy pots and kettles were hung. Big logs burned in the fireplace. Over them the colored women roasted wild turkeys and wild boars and deer meat and bear meat—and boiled many other nice things.

In the ashes under the burning logs they baked good brown corn cakes—and they roasted great big red apples—and such good potatoes!

In a big brick oven at the side of the fireplace they baked the best pies and cakes and cookies and bread.

How good they all smelled! And how good they tasted!

The slave women spun flax that grew in the little boy's father's fields—and wool that grew on the backs of his father's sheep—on spinning wheels. They spun it into long, long threads.

Then they hunted barks and roots in the woods which they could boil to make bright colors. And they dyed the threads of flax and wool so prettily—red and yellow and blue and green.

After that they wove some of the threads of wool into warm woolen blankets and coverlids on looms. Some of it they wove into strong woolen cloth. The rest of it they saved to knit into socks and stockings and caps and warm woolen scarves. They wove the threads of flax into bed spreads and coarse linen cloth.

The little boy's mother took the woolen and linen

cloth and cut out clothes—dresses and skirts and suits. Some of them were for her family. Most of them were for the colored men and women and their families. All the women helped to sew the clothes with their hands.

The colored women took soiled clothes down to the creek to wash them. They stood in the water and beat the clothes with rocks to make them clean. Then, to make them whiter, they boiled them out of doors in great copper kettles which hung from three sticks tied together over wood fires. They smoothed the clothes out with their hands and hung them on bushes to dry. Then they were ready to put on and wear.

The colored women dipped strings in hot grease or wax many times—to make candles to see by at night. Or they poured the hot wax into long, thin candle molds.

And they took the best of care of all the children and chickens and puppies and cats and kittens.

The little boy's father had more strong colored men who dug and planted his gardens—who plowed and tilled his fields—who took care of his horses and cows and sheep—who did all the hard work on his farm.

The slave women and men had such funny little black children called pickaninnies. They had tightly curled black hair, red, red lips, and glistening white eyeballs and teeth. The little black girls wore their hair braided in many tiny pigtales—with little bows of turkey-red cloth tied on the ends.

The pickaninnies laughed and ran and rolled on the

sunny grass and were happy. The little boy and his little sister and brothers liked to watch them. And sometimes they liked to play with them.

The name of the little boy was George Washington. He was born two hundred years ago—on February 22, 1732.

He was christened in a dress of pretty white brocade, made over a slip of fine, soft, rose pink silk. His mother made the dress. Some day you will want to see it. It is kept in the National Museum in the capital of our country, Washington, D. C.

His father's name was Augustine Washington. His mother's name was Mary Ball Washington. He had five brothers. Their names were Lawrence, Augustine, Samuel, John Augustine and Charles. He had only one sister who lived to grow up. Her name was Elizabeth. They called her Betty. She looked like George—and he always loved her very much.

This little book will tell you how George Washington grew up to be a good man, a great soldier, and our first President.

It will tell you how he did so much for his country and all the people in it that they loved him more than anyone else in all the world. They loved him so much and appreciated all that he did for them so much that they called him

“The Father of His Country.”

RECEIVED

READING

ROOM

*Wakefield.*

II

The nice brick house in which little George Washington was born burned down one Christmas Eve—a very long time ago. His father had built it. But a new brick house just like the old one has been built on the same spot—to show you what a very pleasant home it was.

George's father's house was in the Northern Neck of our State of Virginia—on a big farm which is now called Wakefield. There was water on three sides of the farm—a big river called the Potomac (the name means “the River of Swans”)—and two little rivers called Pope's Creek and Bridges Creek. The house stood nearest Pope's Creek, but from its windows George could look out over sunny grass and fields—and through green trees—and see the wide, blue Potomac, too.

Wakefield Farm had belonged to George's grandfather—and to his great-grandfather. The name of his great-grandfather was Colonel John Washington. He was the first of his family to come to our country. He came in a ship from England to Virginia in 1657. There were many Indians in Virginia then. Colonel John Washington had to fight the Indians.

George's mother had many bright flowers about her house—beds of day lilies, iris, wild asters, sweet brier roses—wild flowering grapes, laurel and honeysuckle. They had all kinds of beautiful colors. And they smelled sweet.

George's father had many nice trees. Apples and pears and peaches and figs and cherries grew on some of them. There were dark green pines and cedars which made delightful Christmas trees. There were great forest trees which had stood there before any white men came—when wild Indians and wild animals had all our country to themselves.

George's father had big gardens planted with all sorts of good things to cook and eat. He had great fields of corn and tobacco. He had iron mines. He had ships which sailed from a landing place on Wakefield Farm—up and down the Potomac River—out into Chesapeake Bay—on to the great Atlantic Ocean.

Some day you will want to go to Virginia to see the new house on Wakefield Farm which is just like the house in which the little George Washington was born.

When you go you will see beds and chairs and tables and other things which really were in that old, old house. They did not burn when the old house burned. They were taken out and saved for you to see.

Little George Washington had a kind colored nurse called Mammy to take care of him. Lots of little girls and boys had colored mammies then.

George's Mammy gave him big sugar cookies and took him for walks under the blue summer skies. George saw chickens and geese and horses and cows and sheep. He played with soft little lambs, wobbly calves, funny pigs, dogs, rabbits, squirrels. He saw birds of many colors. He heard their happy songs. It was fun when Mammy took him down to the big river—when he saw shiny fish jump out of the water—when he watched funny crabs and oysters and clams. George gave some of his cooky crumbs to the birds and squirrels and fish.

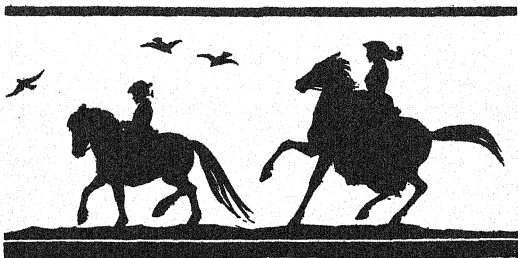
George's mother, Mrs. Mary Ball Washington, liked to ride horseback. She had ridden since she was a little girl—such a pretty little girl that everyone had called her "The Rose of Epping Forest." She sat on a side-saddle. She wore a riding habit of bright scarlet cloth, with a long, long skirt. And her scarlet hat had a long black feather on it.

George learned to ride a horse when he was just a baby, not yet three years old. All the little girls and boys did then. Sometimes a big black man—with big red lips and shining white teeth—held him on the back of his

pretty pony. The good pony would walk very slowly, because it did not want the little boy to fall off. But sometimes it went faster. Then the big black man would laugh and laugh—because he and George and the pony and George's baby sister and brother and the funny little black children were all having such a good time.

Sometimes George's mother led his pony by the bridle and took him with her when she went riding down the road and through the beautiful woods. What fun that was! And how proud his mother was the first time she took her hand off the bridle—and let the tiny boy ride all by himself!

George's father went many times to England in pretty ships with sails. George and his mother would go down to the river landing to tell his father good-bye. George



How proud his mother was the first time she let the tiny boy ride all alone.

saw the black slaves carry corn and tobacco from his father's fields and iron from his mines onto the ships. He heard them laugh and sing as they worked in the sunshine.

His father sold the corn and tobacco and iron in a big city called London. With the money he bought lovely dresses for George's mother, dishes and chairs and mirrors for his home, and toys for his children to play with.

Sometimes he brought back white men who had been in jails in England. Some of them were wicked men. Others were merely unfortunate. Perhaps they owed money which they could not pay—or perhaps they did not think as the men who ran their government thought. All of them were sent to Virginia to work for the people who lived there—just as the colored slaves worked. People bought them just as they bought slaves. They were called “indentured servants.”

George and his mother and the colored servants hurried down to meet his father when they saw his ship come sailing home up the river.

III

Three-year-old George ran from room to room. He asked many questions. He got in everyone's way. Colored men were taking down his mother's best bed. Colored

women were putting clothes and dishes and hams and cakes in boxes and baskets.

They carried chairs and tables and mirrors out of the house. They took them down to the river landing. They put them on a ship with sails called a brig. They put dogs and cats and chickens and geese on the brig—and many, many boxes and bundles and barrels of things. Black women and children got on the ship. Sailors climbed up and pulled ropes. The brig started up the river. The colored women and children waved and called good-bye.

George's mother and father came out of the house. They wore their hats and cloaks. They got into George's father's big coach. Six horses were ready to pull it.

George's kind black Mammy picked him up and put him in the coach. She lifted two-year-old Betty in. She got in herself and sat down. She had baby Samuel, not yet one year old, on her lap. He looked around with his wide-open baby eyes.

Such a noise! Colored men on horses shouted and cracked their whips. The coach horses stamped their hoofs. The heavy coach started slowly off!

They rode in the big coach for many days. They were going a long way off—to live in another house. They were not coming back to Wakefield to live any more. The brig was taking the colored women and children—the animals, fowls and household goods—to their new home.

The coach wheels were made of wood. There were no soft rubber tires on them. The roads were made of soft dirt. There were big holes in them. When it rained the holes filled with water. And the dirt turned to sticky mud. The coach wheels went down into the mud. The big horses had to pull and pull to get them out.

The seats were hard. The coach did not have jumpy springs like your father's car. It just rattled and jolted and splashed along.

Everyone grew very tired. Sometimes little George cried because he was so tired. Sometimes little Betty cried. Sometimes baby Samuel cried. And sometimes they all three cried.

They passed rivers, fields and hills. They saw flowers of many colors. Sometimes they rode through dark woods where there were no roads at all. Sometimes big trees had fallen just where they wanted to go. The colored men had to move them. Foxes ran in front of them. Squirrels chattered and ran up big trees. Wild birds screeched and flew away.

Sometimes they came to little rivers where there were no bridges—and no ferryboats. The big horses knew just what to do. They were not afraid. They walked right into the water and pulled the big coach after them.

What did they do when night came? Not many people lived in Virginia in those days. Their farms were far apart. They did not have newspapers or magazines or

radios to tell them what people who lived in other places were doing.

They were always so glad to see people coming down the roads which ran past their farms. They ran out of their houses and begged them to come in and stay with them.

One night George and his family would sleep in a very fine house on a very big farm called a plantation. Rich people lived in the house. They had many slaves.

The next night they would sleep in a smaller house on a smaller farm. The people who lived there were not so rich. They did not have so many slaves.

Another night they would sleep in the log cabin of very poor people, who had no slaves at all. They had made their log cabin of big trees which they had cut down. They had filled the cracks between the logs with mud and straw. They had made a big chimney of mud. The poor people did not have a big farm. Just two or three tiny fields which they had made by cutting down the trees in the dark woods. Some of the fields had great tree stumps in them. The poor people dug and planted the ground around the stumps.

All the people, rich and poor, were glad to have George and his family stay with them. They gave them their best beds to sleep in. They cooked delicious meats and pies and cakes for them to eat. They all talked and laughed and had very good times.

Sometimes they just slept in the woods. What fun that was! The colored men built big fires of wood to keep them all warm, to cook their food, and to scare wild animals away.

They lay down in the coach and on the ground. They put blankets or bearskins or buffalo skins around them to keep them safe and warm.

At last they came to their new home. It was called Epsewassen. It was on a big farm on the Potomac River, too, nearly one hundred miles from Wakefield. Epsewassen Farm was much larger than Wakefield.

The ground was higher above the river. There were hills and bluffs, and big trees to climb. Little Hunting Creek ran through the farm. Little George and Betty waded in its pretty water. They sailed little boats made of sticks and leaves. They caught tiny fish. They made mud pies—and put green apples in them.

The colored men took George on the river in little boats. They taught him to fish and swim.

George's father made little bows and arrows for him, like those the Indians used. He taught him to shoot birds and animals which they could eat. He taught him to play fair—to tell the truth—not to be afraid.

George's mother read her children books of sermons which preachers had given in church. She made George say his prayers—and learn his letters—and wash his face and hands and ears.

IV

When George had lived at Epsewassen about four years, a wicked colored man who did not like his father made their house burn down. One of his boys was nearly burned in that fire. We do not know whether it was George or one of his brothers.

George's father bought a new home. It was called Ferry Farm. It was far away, on the Rappahannock River, about halfway between Epsewassen and Wakefield.

George and his mother and father and little Betty and Samuel got into the big coach again. There were two more babies to get in with them—little John Augustine, who was two years old, and tiny Charles, who was not yet one year old. George was nearly seven. Little Betty was five. And Samuel was a big boy of four.

They rode for many days. When they came to Ferry Farm, George looked across the river and saw a little town. It was called Fredericksburg. George had always lived in the country. He had never seen so many houses before.

Ferry Farm was just a little farm compared with Wakefield or Epsewassen, but little boys could have very jolly times there. The nice house stood on a bluff about one hundred feet back from the river—and between the bluff and the river there was a stretch of sand. There was a ferry house and also a ferryboat which George's

father had bought with the farm. The boat took people across the river to the town.

George's father wanted his children to grow into fine men and women. He wanted them to be honest and truthful and industrious. He wanted them to be kind. He wanted them to be well educated. Just before he moved to Ferry Farm he had brought a man named William Grove from England in his ship. Mr. Grove had been in prison in England—but he was a political prisoner and not a wicked man at all. George's father had bought him with money because he was well educated. He wanted him to teach his children and the other children in the neighborhood their lessons.

Mr. William Grove was made the sexton of a church at Falmouth, a mile away from Ferry Farm. And in a tiny log house near the church he kept the first school which George Washington ever attended.

A colored servant named Peter took George to school every day. At first he held him on a horse in front of him. When George was a little older he rode his own horse—and black Peter followed on another to see that no harm came to him.

We think that George wore a little plum-colored coat with long tails—cut just like his father's coats, knee breeches, long hose and shoes with buckles on them. His reddish-brown hair was long, and a ribbon was tied on it in the back.

George and the other children called their teacher

Master Hobby. He taught George to make his letters—to spell easy words—to read and write and count a little.

All the children took their lunches to school with them. And at noon, after they had eaten them, they all had good times playing games and whittling and making popguns, willow whistles, windmills and box traps to catch little animals. They spun tops. They played "Hop Scotch," bandy and marbles—but the game they liked best was "Indians." They played that they were Indians. They hid behind trees. They ran from tree to tree. They threw sticks and apples and stones. They played that the Indians killed farmers who lived in log cabins which were far off in the dark woods and wild hills. They played that the Indians burned the farmers' cabins and carried off their children and scalped their wives.

We think that George's mother and father took him across the river on Sundays to St. George's church in Fredericksburg. We think he sat on a hard wooden pew with a very high back—and listened to very long sermons and prayers and hymns. We think he got very tired and hungry and sleepy.

George had many little cousins of his own age who lived in Fredericksburg and on farms and plantations in that part of the country. Two cousins whom he liked very much were Lawrence and Robert Washington. They lived at Chotanck. The boys liked to go hunting in the woods and hills. They liked to go swimming in a very, very deep part of the Rappahannock River called



They all had such good times



playing games.

READING ROOM

"Hobb's Hole." One time when George was in the water a colored woman stole all of his clothes! They liked to run races on horseback. They liked to watch all the ships which came up to Fredericksburg from the great ocean—so many at times that they filled the river from bank to bank. The boys wondered where the ships had come from—and where they were going. George thought it must be great fun to be a sailor and sail the Seven Seas.

V

When George Washington was eleven years old his father died. George felt very bad because he loved his father. And his death made a very great change in his life.

George's father had been quite a rich man. He had always been able to give his wife and children everything they ought to have. But, after he died, his property was divided so that George's mother and the younger children did not have very much to live on.

In those days, when a father died, he left most of his fields and iron mines and ships and slaves and money to his oldest son. George Washington was not his father's oldest son. His father had had two wives. His first wife, Jane Butler Washington, had died. She had left two sons, Lawrence and Augustine, who were older than George.

So George's father left Epsewassen, his largest farm,

to Lawrence, his oldest son. He also left him iron mines, a mill and many slaves. He left Wakefield, the large farm on which George Washington had been born, to Augustine, his second son. To George, his third son, he left Ferry Farm which was not large at all—and he said that George could not have it until he was a man. He wanted his wife, Mrs. Mary Ball Washington, to live there and bring up George and Betty and Samuel and John Augustine and Charles.

George's mother felt very sad when her husband died. But she was a brave woman, and she determined to bring up her children to be the kind of men and women her husband had wanted them to be. She did not have very much money. In fact, she felt quite poor all the rest of her life because her husband had left so much more to Lawrence and Augustine than to her children.

Mrs. Washington managed her house very carefully. She carried a big bunch of keys at her waist, and every day she unlocked cupboards and storerooms and measured out just the amounts of food which her family and her servants would need. All good Virginia housewives did that.

She managed Ferry Farm very carefully. She tried to make as much corn and tobacco grow in her fields as her husband had. She tried to get as much money for her crops. But she did not always succeed.

She wanted her boys to play games and romp and race and swim—so their bodies would grow firm and

strong. But she made them obey her, too, and keep quiet when they were in the house, and keep things in order, and do everything else that she told them to do. In the evenings she called all her children into her bedroom. Little Betty sat on her lap and the four boys gathered round her knees. Then she read them chapters from the Bible, and Matthew Hale's *Contemplations, Moral and Divine* and other good books. She taught them stern moral lessons which she knew would develop strength of character. George remembered those character lessons all his life. They helped to make him the powerful, strong-minded, unconquerable, honest, truthful and just man that he became.

Lawrence and Augustine Washington were fine young men. They had gone to a school in England called Appleby Charter School. George's father had gone to Appleby school, too. But George's mother said she did not have enough money to send him to England.

The schools in Virginia were not very good. George never learned as much as he should have learned. He never learned to write or spell very well. He was sorry about that all his life. He felt that he could have done more for the people if he had gone to school more. He thought they would have loved him more.

Lawrence Washington had been a soldier, too. He had fought soldiers from Spain in a hot country called Cartagena. He wrote letters to his father and told him all about the fighting.

George's father had read those letters to his wife and children while they sat by the fire in the evenings. His brother's letters had made George want to be a soldier, too.

Lawrence Washington married Miss Anne Fairfax. She was very pretty and her father was rich. Her family lived at Belvoir, five miles away from Epsewassen. Lawrence built a fine new house. Then he changed the name Epsewassen to Mount Vernon—because he had fought in Cartagena under a man named Admiral Vernon.

Augustine Washington married Miss Anne Aylett. She was rich, too. They had a nice home at Wakefield.

Sometimes Lawrence and Augustine went to see Mrs. Mary Ball Washington and her children. They thought George was a fine boy. But they were afraid his mother was not strict enough with him. They knew he sometimes ran away from black Peter and roasted corn in the cabins of the field slaves. They knew he was always riding horses which were so wild they might hurt him. They were afraid he might be doing other things which his mother did not know about. They did not want him to be spoiled. So they asked him to live with them at Wakefield and Mount Vernon part of the time.

VI

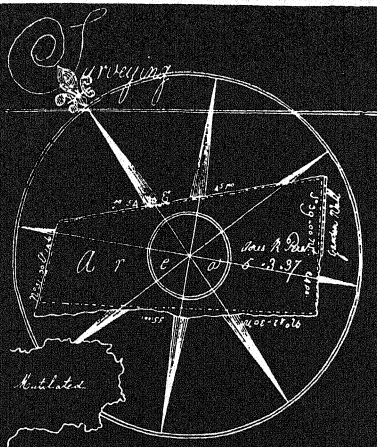
George liked to ride over the muddy roads of the Northern Neck to the homes of his brothers. He had

many little cousins and friends who lived on farms near them. He knew he could have very good times playing with them.

When George stayed with his brother Augustine at Wakefield he rode horseback to Mr. Williams's school at Oak Grove. It was four miles away. Mr. Williams taught him to survey, as well as to read and write. To survey means to find out how large fields and woods and farms are—to draw maps which show just where they are—and just what shapes they are. George liked to survey more than he liked to read or write or spell. It was always easy for him to work with figures. He used to survey fields for his brothers and uncles and friends.

When George went to Mr. Williams's school he kept a copy book which you will want to see when you go to Washington City. It is in the Library of Congress. In it he wrote how to count and measure. He drew maps of the fields which he surveyed. One map is of a turnip field. When you see it you will certainly think it was a





*A Plan of Major Law Washingtons Turnip Field as
Surveyed by me
This 24th Day of February 1741/6 GW*

Plan of Turnip Field made by George Washington at the
age of fifteen

Here is a map of a turnip field.

pretty good map for a boy to make. He also wrote poems in his copy book—about pretty girls whom he liked.

Another book George used in school which you will want to see some day is *The Young Man's Companion*. You will see his name just as he wrote it on the flyleaf. People think that Mr. Williams gave the book to George. From it he learned how to write business letters—how to build houses—how to sail ships—how to make ink and cider—how to write simple law papers—and how a gentleman should conduct himself at all times.

George's two older brothers lived very nicely. At Wakefield Augustine had good books, thirty horses and seventy slaves. Many friends went to his home. They stayed for dinner. They had very good things to eat. Sometimes the friends stayed for many days. They danced and sang and played cards and hunted foxes.

On Sundays they went to church at Oak Grove, four miles away. Church lasted a long time. There were long sermons and prayers and many songs. So people took baskets of good things and ate them under the trees at noon. It was like a picnic. The girls and boys liked to do that.

George had great fun playing with his cousins at Wakefield. They wrestled. They camped. They fished. They swam. They went in boats to visit friends who lived up and down the river. They learned to shoot wild turkeys, wild ducks, wild geese, swans, beavers and foxes.

At Mr. Williams's school George played many games

with the other boys. He loved vaulting, running, jumping, pitching quoits and throwing the bar. And no one could ride horseback better than he could!

One of George's best friends was named Dickie Lee. They liked to play soldier games. They did not know that when George grew up he would be made the leader of his country's armies in a great war. They did not know that Dickie Lee would make speeches and do a great deal for his country, too. They did not know that a young cousin of Dickie's would become one of George Washington's best generals—called Light-Horse Harry Lee.

VII

When George stayed with his brother Lawrence at Mount Vernon he met people who lived in bigger houses—and had more fields and slaves—and wore finer clothes—and talked about more things he had never heard about than any people he had ever known.

He knew the Fairfaxes who lived at Belvoir, the Masons who lived at Gunston Hall, the Carters who lived at Shirley and Nomoni and Sabine Hall, the Byrds who lived at Westover (the family of Rear Admiral Byrd who flew over the North and South Poles). He knew the Carys, Lees, Carlyles, Fauntleroyes and many other families.

The people who lived in fine houses on big plantations

liked to have their friends come to see them. They gave balls. They had big dinners. They played cards and billiards. They hunted foxes in the woods and fields. George often went with his brother and his brother's wife to visit their friends. He had very good times.

When his mother missed him too much, George went back to Ferry Farm and went to school in Fredericksburg for a while. One of his teachers there was named Mr. Marye. He was a minister. When he was in Mr. Marye's school George copied one hundred and ten rules of conduct in another book which you will want to see some day in the Library of Congress. He called the book, *The Rules of Civility and Decent Behaviour in Company and Conversation*. Here are some of the things he wrote:

(1) "... Sing not to yourself with a humming Noise, nor Drum with your Fingers or Feet."

(2) "... 'tis better to be alone than in bad Company."

(3) "Be not Angry at Table."

(4) "... be careful to keep your promise."

(5) "If you Cough, Sneeze, Sigh, or Yawn, do it not loud but privately."

(6) "Shew not yourself glad at the Misfortune of another though he were your enemy."

An old shed is still standing at Ferry Farm which people say that George used as a workshop and a study room. He kept his surveying instruments and his school-books in it.

George was fifteen years old. He was tall and very strong. He had big blue eyes that looked straight at people. He was not afraid to fight other boys when he had to. He was not afraid to tell the truth.

But there was one thing that worried his mother. He "got mad" too easily. She was afraid he would get into trouble some day. George knew that he would have to learn not to "get mad."

George knew that he had to earn his living. He did not want his poor mother or his rich brothers to give him money. He had never forgotten those ships that came up the river to Fredericksburg—from strange, far places. So, when he was about fifteen years old, he decided that he would go to sea. He would begin as a common sailor. Perhaps he could become captain of a ship some day.

His brother Lawrence thought it was a good idea. He helped him with his plans. George asked his mother if he could go. She did not want to give him up—but she had said yes.

A ship was waiting at Mount Vernon. George's little chest of clothes had been carried on it. But just before he was ready to sail, his mother received a letter from her brother, Joseph Ball, who lived in London. He told her she simply must not let her boy go to sea. He said that he would lead a dog's life, that they would not pay him as much money as they said they would, that they would beat him and lash him and cut him and make him work like a slave, and that he would never, never become a



George's mother said he should not go.

captain because so many other boys, whose relatives had more power than his, were wanting to be captains, too.

George's mother said he should not go. She wept. George was very, very angry. But he had been taught to obey—so he stayed on shore and went back to school, and we are certainly glad that he did.

VIII

When George went to Belvoir with his brother and sister-in-law, he met Lord Thomas Fairfax, the uncle of

his brother's wife, Mrs. Anne Fairfax Washington.

Lord Fairfax was a rich nobleman who had come to Virginia from England. A king had given his grandfather more than five million acres of land in Virginia. He wanted to build a fine house on that land and live there.

Lord Fairfax was more than fifty years old. But he and young George were good friends. They rode horseback together. Lord Fairfax told George about many, many things which the youth had never seen. He told him about kings and queens and beautiful women and great men whom he had known in England. He told him about men who made laws, men who fought wars, men who wrote books, men who painted pictures.

Lord Fairfax liked George Washington because he thought he had good sense and good manners and was always respectful to persons who were older than he was. He thought it was unusual for a boy of his age to like to listen to what older men had to say rather than to do all the talking himself. He admired him because he was never late, because he was honest and truthful, because he always did everything well, and because he was such a fine horseman.

Mrs. Mary Ball Washington wrote to Lord Fairfax and asked him if he thought she ought to try to send George to England for a while. He wrote her that he did not think so at all. He thought George was much better fitted for an outdoor life in his own country.

He told her that her son was fine and strong and brave. In England he might meet men who were rakes and gamblers and would not be good for him to know. He said that George was very grave for a lad of his age—that, while his education might have been better, he was a very careful and exact thinker and always tried to see the right side of every question that came up. As far as he could see, George had only one fault, and that was his quick temper. But he was sure he would get over that. He thought George was a boy who would keep on learning all his life—who would always grow wiser and better.

Those were very nice things for a mother to hear.

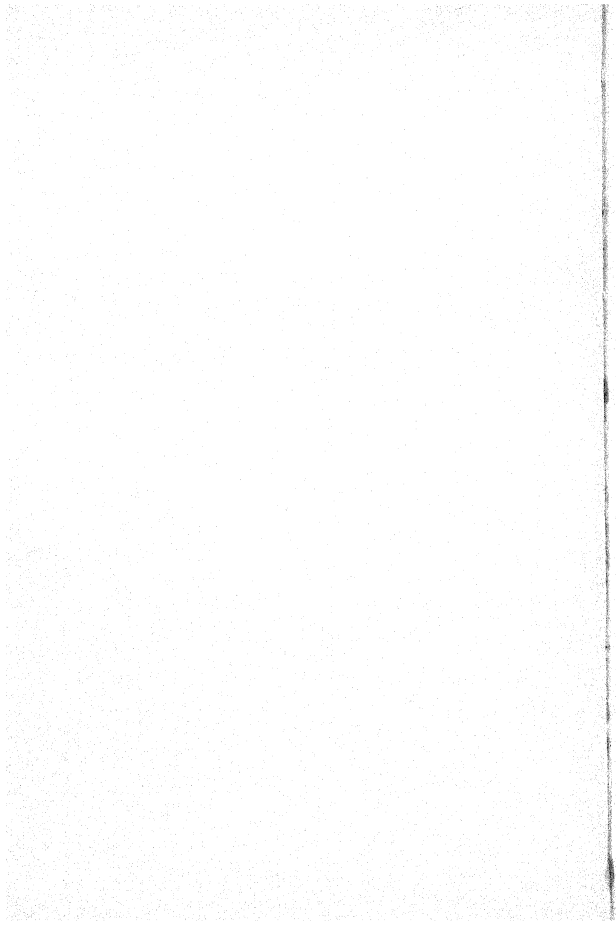
One day Lord Fairfax asked George what he wanted to do to earn his living. George said he thought he would like to survey.

Lord Fairfax wanted the wild lands which a King had given his grandfather surveyed. He told George he could help do it and he would give him money for it.

George Washington was just sixteen years old. But he was no longer a boy. In the Northern Neck of Virginia he had grown from a tiny baby into a young man over six feet tall.

In the next part of this book you will read how he went to survey the lands of Lord Fairfax—how he saw real Indians, and many other strange things.

A Very Young Young Man



2



GEORGE WASHINGTON was proud and happy! He was going far off—to work and earn money. He was going to see a part of Virginia he had never seen before.

He and his friend, George William Fairfax, were on horseback. Lord Fairfax and the slaves at Belvoir were waving good-bye. Lord Fairfax was George William's uncle.

They were taking two slaves on horseback. An extra horse carried on its back a tent, blankets, clean clothes and good things to eat.

George Washington wore a three-cornered hat. He had a big blue cloak wrapped around him to keep him warm. He carried a sword and a gun.

The first day they rode forty miles. That would make you very stiff and sore, but it was easy for George Washington. He had ridden horseback nearly every day of his life since he was a baby. He loved horses. He loved muddy roads. He loved dark woods filled with wild animals.

When he came to rivers where there were no bridges

or ferryboats, he thought it was fun to make his horse swim across and carry him on its back.

They slept the first night in the country hotel of a man named Mr. Neavels. The next day another surveyor named Mr. James Genn rode with them. He was an older man.

They came to the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia. They were beautiful mountains with many trees growing all over them—hickory nut, walnut, sugar maple, beach, poplar, black oak and white oak.

Some of the trees were the largest George had ever seen. Little buds and tiny leaves made them look soft and green against the blue sky.

Wild flowers bloomed under the trees—violets, spring beauties, bluebells, Dutchman's breeches.

Sometimes wild deer heard them coming. They stood very still. They lifted their pretty heads. They sniffed the air in fear. George could see their big soft eyes, their trembling nostrils, their great branching horns or antlers. Then the deer ran away so quickly that they seemed to float through the air!



They crossed the Blue Ridge Mountains at a place called Ashby's Gap.

They rode down the other side.

They saw a shining river. It ran through a great valley of soft green fields and pretty woods. The Indians had named the river

the "Shenandoah."

The name means

"The Daughter of the Stars."

Don't you think it is pretty?

In some places the water in the Shenandoah River splashed over rocks. It sparkled like diamonds in the sunshine.

In other places it was so still and clear that the trees on its banks could look at themselves—just as if they were looking in a mirror—and see how lovely they were.

They rode first to the place on the Shenandoah River where Lord Fairfax wanted to build his house.

They surveyed it for him.

Then they made many trips up and down the Shenandoah Valley.

They went to a little town called Frederick.

Surveying in wild country in early spring was hard work.

Snows had melted. Rains had fallen. Rivers had overflowed their banks.

Sometimes George went in a canoe.

He ran his lines through thick dark woods—across wet marshes—over steep mountains—through rushing waters.

George saw many wild birds and animals.

One day he saw a rattlesnake!

Do you know what a diary is? It is a little book in which you write a few words each day to help you remember the things you have done.

When George Washington went to survey the lands of Lord Fairfax he took a diary and wrote in it about the things he did and saw and learned every day and about the men he met.

He must have liked keeping a diary, for he kept them all the rest of his life. People have George Washington's diaries today.

There were white men in that part of Virginia who shot animals or caught them in traps to sell their skins. They were called hunters and trappers.

The hunters and trappers were very dirty. They wore the same clothes all the time and did not take baths.



Their wives and children were not clean, either. They lived in dirty cabins.

One night George and his friends slept in the log cabin of a trapper. Would you like to read just what he wrote in his diary about it? Here it is:

we got our Suppers & was Lighted into a Room & I not being so good a Woodsman as ye rest of my Company striped myself [he meant that he took off his clothes] very orderly & went into ye Bed as they call it when to my Surprise I found it to be nothing but a Little Straw—Matted together without sheets or anything else but only one thread Bear [he meant threadbare or worn out] blanket with double its weight of Vermin, such as Lice, Fleas &c I was glad to get up (as soon as ye Light was carried from us) I put on my Cloths and Lay as my Companions. Had we not been very tired I am sure we should not have slep'd much that night.

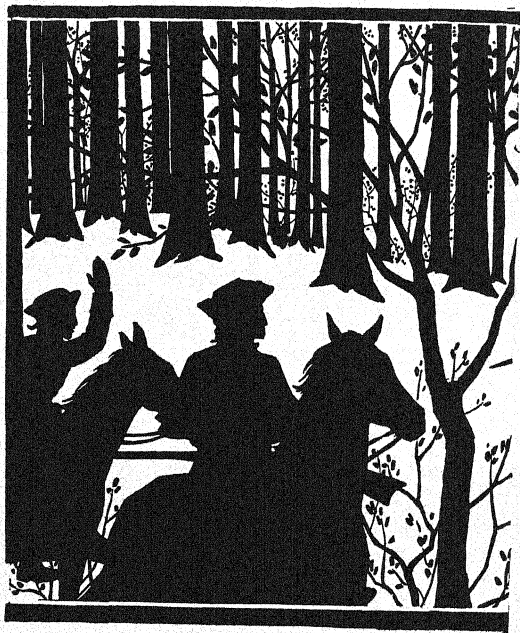
George certainly could not spell very well, could he? And he did not know very much about when to use big and little letters—and about the little marks which make writing easier to read, did he?

The next day they went to the town of Frederick, where their clean clothes were, and washed themselves and put them on.

George Washington and George William Fairfax did not like to sleep in the dirty cabins. They liked beds with nice clean sheets.

Most of the time they slept in a tent. They made a

- 291



One night George and his friend



slept in the log cabin of a trapper.

big fire of logs. They held the meat of deer and bear and 'possums and wild turkeys over the fire on sticks to cook it. They baked corn cakes and roasted apples in the ashes. They brought fresh water from springs or rivers to drink.

The young men sat by the fire, looked at the moon shining through the tree tops, and talked about the girls they knew. George Washington talked about a pretty girl whom he called "The Low Land Beauty." He had written poems about how pretty she was and how much he liked her. He felt bad because she did not like him as much as he liked her.

George William Fairfax talked about Miss Sally Cary. She was very pretty, too. He was happy because he was going to marry her. He was seven years older than George Washington.

One day they went to the home of a man called Colonel Cresap. While they were there they saw thirty Indians coming from a war with other Indians. They were the first Indians George had ever seen.

Their skin was dark brown. Their hair was black and straight and they wore feathers on it. Their cheek-bones were high. Their eyes were black. They had painted their faces and bodies to look ugly, so that people would be more afraid of them. They carried bows and arrows, knives and hatchets. The hatchets were called tomahawks. They had one scalp with them.

George was not afraid of the Indians. He liked them. He asked them to dance a war dance—and they did.

First they built a big fire.

Then they sat around it in a big circle.

One Indian got up and began to jump and run about. George thought he looked very funny. Then the other Indians got up and jumped and ran after him.

Two Indians made the music for the dance. One beat on a drum made of a pot half-full of water and with a deerskin stretched over it. The other rattled a dried gourd with shot in it. Part of a horse's tail was tied to the gourd.

II

Lord Fairfax owned so much land near the Shenandoah River that it took a whole month to survey it all.

Then George Washington and George William Fairfax and their two slaves rode back to Belvoir.

Lord Fairfax was glad to see them.

He looked at the maps and the figures which they had made.

He could tell just how much land he owned. He could see just where it was. He knew just how much was in fields, woods and mountains. He could see just where the rivers ran.

He could see just where his new house would be.

He could see where farmers and hunters and trappers

had cut down his trees and built log cabins for themselves on his lands. They were called "squatters" because they had no right to do that. Lord Fairfax said he was going to make them all go away.

Lord Fairfax thought George Washington was a fine surveyor. He paid him well for the work that he had done. That made George very happy. He hoped he could do more surveying and earn more money. He hoped his mother and brothers would never have to give him any more money.

What do you suppose George Washington did with part of the money Lord Fairfax gave him?

He saved it and bought himself a big farm. It was wild land near the lands of Lord Fairfax.

Don't you think he was pretty smart to do that?

George spent a few days at Mount Vernon.

He went to see all his friends who lived in fine houses on big plantations near there.

He played cards—and danced—and talked with the girls—and hunted foxes.

He did a little surveying.

Then he went to Ferry Farm to see his mother and sister and brothers. He was glad to see them all. He was especially glad to see his brother John Augustine, who was four years younger than he. They had always liked to play and ride horseback together.

He visited cousins and friends who lived on farms and in Fredericksburg.

George went to many nice parties. He danced the minuet with pretty young ladies who had lovely curls and wore beautiful dresses.

George liked to wear fine clothes. His brother Lawrence had sent to England for a fine red coat for him.

But he had grown so tall and large and strong-looking that he was afraid the girls would think his hands and feet were too large. Some of them did think so, too.

III

Lord Fairfax liked George Washington's surveying so much that he told many other people about it.

The next year, when George was only seventeen years



Some of them did think so, too.

old, the President of William and Mary College in Virginia made him the surveyor of Culpeper County.

Culpeper County was between Belvoir and the wild lands of Lord Fairfax. It was named for Lord Culpeper, the grandfather of Lord Fairfax to whom a King had given the wild lands. Lord Culpeper had been a Governor of Virginia.

George rode on his horse to a town called Culpeper Court House.

He told the people he was their new surveyor.

He surveyed in that part of the country for three years.

He had to ride over bad roads.

He had to camp in wild country.

He had to meet rough men.

He had to sleep in their cabins.

He met many nice people, too.

He made many new friends.

He saved his money and bought more land.

In winter, when the roads were so bad that George could not go anywhere to survey, he stayed at Mount Vernon with his brother Lawrence.

He went often to Belvoir. George William Fairfax had married Miss Sally Cary. George Washington liked Mrs. Sally Cary Fairfax very much.

He played cards with her. Sometimes they acted in plays. The name of one play was *Cato*.

When George Washington went away to survey he

wrote letters to Mrs. Sally Fairfax, to her sister, and to some other young ladies.

He liked to get letters from them.

Sometimes George Washington went to see Lord Fairfax. He had built a large, rough-looking house near the Shenandoah River—just to live in until his fine house was built.

But Lord Fairfax never built his fine house. He liked his first house. He called it "Greenway Court."

The house had very large rooms and wide, cool porches. Great trees grew all around it.

Guns and swords and pistols and the stuffed heads of animals hung on the walls. Stuffed birds were on tables and shelves. Skins of wild animals made soft rugs on the floors.

Lord Fairfax had men living on his lands to till his fields and cut down his woods. Hunters and trappers and Indians stopped to see him.

Many friends went to Greenway Court to see Lord Fairfax. He had slaves to look after them. He had fine horses and dogs.

Lord Fairfax and his friends hunted foxes in the woods. In the house they sat before great fires of blazing logs. They told many stories about hunting and wars and Indians. They ate a great deal.

Miss Mary Cary, the sister of Mrs. Sally Fairfax, liked to go to Greenway Court. Sometimes she was there when George Washington was there. George wished she were

not there. He said she just made him think of "The Low Land Beauty" and made him feel bad because she was not there instead.

Sometimes George Washington and Lord Fairfax read books in the great library of Greenway Court.

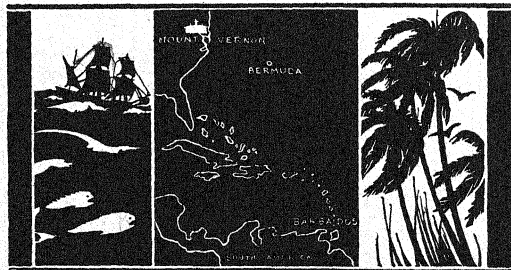
They read histories of England.

They read papers called *The Spectator* which had been written in England. Lord Fairfax had helped to write some of them. When you are older you will read *The Spectator* papers in school.

IV

Lawrence Washington, George's brother, was not very well. He had tuberculosis. He got it first when he was a young man fighting soldiers from Spain in Cartagena.

When George was nineteen years old, Lawrence



They went in a little ship.

asked him to go with him to some islands near South America called the Barbadoes. He thought he could get well there.

So George went with him. It was the only time in his life he was ever out of his country. He never went to England or France.

They went in a little ship with sails. They sailed down the Potomac River—into Chesapeake Bay—then out on the Atlantic Ocean.

They sailed on the ocean for five weeks. Now you can go from the Potomac River to the Barbadoes in just a few days. But ships with sails went very slowly. When there was no wind they could not go at all.

George saw big fish in the ocean—whales, sharks, dolphins or porpoises. He wrote in his diary that they “catchd” a dolphin and ate it for supper. He saw sunsets of bright colors. He saw the moon make its pretty silver path on the water.

Sometimes the waves were high and the little ship rolled from side to side. That made George seasick. He did not like that.

The Barbadoes were very, very hot. Bright flowers grew everywhere. George saw new fruits he had never seen or eaten before—oranges, lemons, alligator pears, guavas, pineapples, pomegranates. They would have spoiled before they could get to Virginia in ships.

He and his brother drove about the islands and thought they were very beautiful. They went to parties.

They met young ladies. They went to a play—the first that George had ever seen. It was called *The Tragedy of George Barnwell*. George enjoyed it very much.

What do you think happened to George Washington while he was in the Barbadoes?

He took the smallpox!

People were not very careful about germs in those days. They were not vaccinated.

A friend named Major Clarke invited Lawrence and George Washington to dinner. They knew that someone in the Clarke family had the smallpox. But they thought it would not be polite not to go.

George had the smallpox about three weeks. It left little marks on his face which showed all the rest of his life.

Lawrence Washington did not get better in the Barbadoes. He said he would go to the Bermuda Islands which were cooler.

He sent George back to Virginia by himself. Then he sailed away on another ship.

He had told George he wanted him to bring his wife to him in Bermuda. But after he went there he wrote him a letter and asked him not to do that.

Lawrence said he was not feeling any better in Bermuda and that he was going home.

He soon went back to Virginia. And not long after that he died.

We do not know whether George was at Mount

Vernon with Lawrence when he died or not. He had been away surveying again—and visiting. There were no telephones. His family could not always know where to send a letter. Of course George felt very badly. Lawrence had been a father to him and he had always loved him greatly.

V

Do you remember that when George Washington was a little boy he heard his father read the letters which his brother Lawrence wrote when he was a soldier?

Do you remember that George wanted to be a soldier, too?

Lawrence had been one of four adjutant generals who commanded the soldiers of Virginia.

Before he died he asked the Governor of Virginia to make George an adjutant general in his place.

And so, a few months after Lawrence died, Governor Dinwiddie did make George an adjutant general—because he knew that he was good and honest and brave. George was called Major Washington. He was about twenty years old.

An old soldier named Mr. Jacob Van Braam, who had often visited at Mount Vernon because he had fought at Cartagena with his brother, had taught George how to use a sword.

Another old soldier named Adjutant Muse had lent

him books which told how to command armies in war. George had studied those books very carefully.

Lawrence Washington was a rich man when he died. He left Mount Vernon, his other farms, his iron mines, slaves, horses, cows, sheep and everything else he had to his only child—a little girl. She was not very strong. So he said that if she died he wanted George to have everything he owned. George was to look after all their property for her and her mother.

Not long after her father died, the little girl died, too. And her mother married again. So everything belonged to George Washington except that he was to give his brother's wife fifteen thousand pounds of tobacco a year. She lived about nine years.

George Washington was no longer poor. He was a rich young man. He was Major George Washington of Mount Vernon.

His home was very beautiful. There were many things for him to do about the house and gardens and farms. He had to manage his slaves—have his fields planted—see that his crops were gathered and sold.

He loved doing all that. But he was an adjutant general, too. All that year he had to go to many places in Virginia, so he could not spend very much time at Mount Vernon. He had to train the soldiers or Militia of Virginia to march and fight.

Now you are going to read how George Washington had to go much farther away the next year—how he

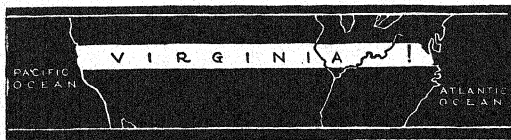
had to leave Virginia for a while—to do something for his country.

When George Washington was young the country we live in belonged to three Kings who lived across the ocean. It did not have a President as it does today. It was not even called the United States.

Virginia belonged to King George of England. It was called a Colony. King George had twelve other Colonies—thirteen in all. Their names were New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Georgia, North Carolina and South Carolina. They were all near the Atlantic Ocean.

Behind King George's Thirteen Colonies—on the Great Lakes, along the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, down as far as the city of New Orleans—all the land belonged to King Louis of France. It was called New France.

The part we call Florida belonged to King Ferdinand of Spain.



He said Virginia went all the way.



Our Country belonged to three Kings.

King George, King Louis and King Ferdinand did not like one another.

Each one said he ought to have the land which the others said was theirs.

Each one wanted to send soldiers to fight the soldiers of the other Kings and take all their land away from them.

King George was very angry because King Louis said he owned all that land behind his Thirteen Colonies.

He said his Colony of Virginia went all the way from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific Ocean—and that just anybody ought to know that it did.

King George told Governor Dinwiddie that any of his people in Virginia who wanted to could go to that country near the Ohio River to live.

So some of the people went. They cut down trees and built homes. They planted fields of corn and tobacco.

When King Louis of France heard about it he was very angry, too. He told his soldiers to build many forts in that part of the country so that they could fight the people from Virginia and make them all go away.

Governor Dinwiddie decided to send someone with a letter to the head of the soldiers of King Louis in the Ohio country—to tell them all that they simply must go away and let the English have that land.

And whom do you think he sent!

Major George Washington!

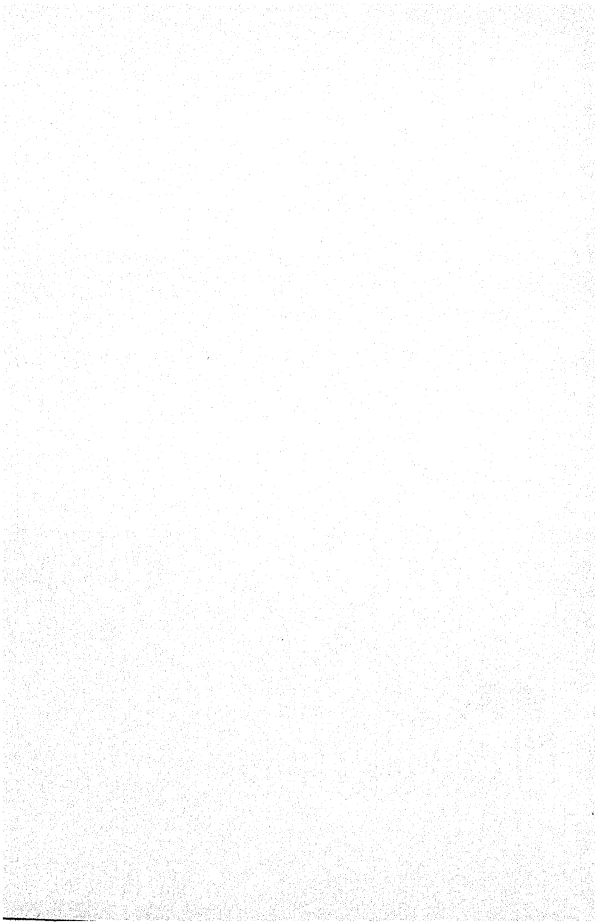
Governor Dinwiddie knew that Major Washington

was not afraid of anything. He knew that he could ride horseback through wild country. He knew that he was honest. He knew that he always did everything well.

In the next part of this book you will read how Major Washington took the Governor's letter to the Ohio country—about the strange things that he saw and did—about the dangers and troubles that he met.

REKLADON
READING ROOM

A Soldier Who Fought French and Indians



3

MAJOR GEORGE WASHINGTON started off to the Ohio country the same day Governor Dinwiddie asked him to go. He took six men with him.

He took Mr. Jacob Van Braam, the old soldier who had taught him to use a sword at Mount Vernon—because he could speak French. Major Washington could not speak French. He needed someone to tell him what the French people said.

He took Mr. Christopher Gist, a man who had traded beads and knives and mirrors to the Indians for the skins of wild animals. Mr. Gist could talk as the Indians talked. He could tell Major Washington what they said.

Major Washington also took four servants.

They all started off on horseback—to find the French commander—and give him the letter.

They rode towards the lands of Lord Fairfax.

They crossed the Blue Ridge Mountains.

They crossed two big rivers.

They reached Maryland—another of King George's Colonies.

It was wintertime. Cold winds howled through the

tree tops—roared across the mountains—down the valleys. They made Major Washington's nose and ears red. They frosted his fingers and toes. They sent shivers up and down his back.

Cold rains fell. The horses had to walk through mud and water and ice.

Snow fell. It piled up in deep drifts. The horses could not see where to step. They stumbled. They slipped. Many times they nearly fell.

They came to wild country where white men had never made roads.

They followed rough, rocky trails which Indians had left—through the woods—over the mountains.

Sometimes they followed paths which buffaloes had made.

They came to King George's Colony of Pennsylvania.

They went to the home of a man from Virginia who traded with the Indians. His name was Mr. John Frazier. He lived on Turtle Creek.

They reached the Forks of the Ohio, the place where two rivers called the Allegheny and the Monongahela meet to make the Ohio River.

The smoky city of Pittsburgh stands there now. But there was no city and no smoke when Major Washington went there. There were big, dark woods—much snow—hungry animals that howled and screamed at night—Indians that hid behind trees.

Major George Washington thought the Forks of the

Ohio would be such a good place for the English to build a fort.

Governor Dinwiddie had told him to look for good places for forts.

Governor Dinwiddie had also told Major Washington to go to see some Indian chiefs who lived near there, and talk with them and give them presents and try to make them like the English people more than they liked the French.

Some day he wanted those Indians to help the English fight the French and drive them out of the Ohio country.

So Major Washington went to an Indian town called Logstown.

A chief named Tanacharisson lived there. But that was such a big name that everyone just called him the Half-King.

The Half-King did not like the French. He believed they had killed, boiled and eaten his father.

So he was glad to see Major Washington.

Governor Dinwiddie had told Major Washington to tell the Indians that the English wanted to drive the French out of the Ohio country partly so that their friends, the Indians, could have some of that land which the French claimed. All the land had belonged to the Indians before the white people came.

Three other chiefs were with the Half-King. Their names were Jeskakake, White Thunder and The Hunter.

Major Washington gave them many presents. They all said they liked the English. They said they would help Major Washington find the French Commander.

The four Indian chiefs also said they would tell the French Commander that they were friends of the English—and that they did not like the French any more.

That pleased Major Washington very much.

They all started off on horseback.

They came to another Indian town called Venango. The roads were so bad they left their horses there and went on for a week without them. Part of the time they walked. Part of the time the Indians took them in canoes.

Finally they came to a place near Lake Erie called Fort Le Boeuf.

There they found the French Commander—the man Governor Dinwiddie had sent Major Washington to find.

People called the French Commander the Chevalier de Saint Pierre. He was much older than Major Washington. He was tall and very fine-looking. His hair was white. He had fine manners—like the manners of Lord Fairfax.

He was very polite to the young Major from Virginia and his friends. He talked with them a great deal. He asked them to stay several days. He gave them good dinners cooked by French cooks.

But the Chevalier de Saint Pierre did not like the letter which Governor Dinwiddie had sent him. And

he talked to the four Indian chiefs a great deal and gave them many presents—to try to make them like the French again.

The real reason why he wanted Major George Washington and his friends to stay so long was so he could have more time to make the Indians friends of the French.

Major Washington looked at Fort Le Boeuf very carefully—so he could draw a map of it and show Governor Dinwiddie just what it was like.

The Indian chiefs told Major Washington they would go back with him. The Chevalier de Saint Pierre gave him a letter to take to Governor Dinwiddie—and they left.

The Indians took them many miles down French Creek in canoes. The water was swift and icy cold.

Many times their canoes were almost dashed to pieces on great rocks. Many times they all had to get out and walk in the icy water for a half-hour or longer.

When they reached Venango it was three days before Christmas. The weather was so cold, the snows were so deep, and their horses were so tired that Major Washington said he and Christopher Gist would just have to leave the other men and the horses and walk back to Virginia. He wanted to get there as quickly as possible with the Chevalier's letter.

The two men dressed as the Indians dressed. They wrapped warm blankets called Match Coats about them.

They carried the food they would need, their guns and gunpowder, the Chevalier's letter and some papers on which Major Washington had written about the things he had seen and heard.

The next day they met an Indian who liked the French more than he liked the English. They did not know that and they asked him to go with them and show them the way. A few hours later the Indian tried to shoot Major Washington. He was standing very near him—but he did not hit him.

Major Washington and Christopher Gist caught the Indian and took his gun away from him. Then they made him walk in front of them. About nine o'clock that night they let him go. But they walked on all the rest of the night.

When they came to the Allegheny River they saw great chunks of ice floating in it. The only way to get across was to build a raft. They had a hatchet with them. It was not a very good one. They spent a whole day cutting down trees to make the raft.

Then they climbed on it.

The raft was soon caught in the ice.

Major Washington tried to push the ice away with a long pole.

He fell in the river. The water was ten feet deep.

He was nearly drowned.

Then he caught hold of a corner of the raft and climbed back on it.



He caught hold of a corner of the raft.

His clothes were wet with icy water.

There was an island in the middle of the river. The two men left the raft and went on it.

The day was very, very cold. Major Washington wrote in his diary that all of Mr. Gist's fingers and some of his toes were frozen.

He did not write about how cold he was. He was so modest that he did not like to write things like that about himself. He was so brave that he never thought about himself when he was in danger.

But Mr. Christopher Gist kept a diary, too. And he wrote that Major Washington was nearly frozen when they reached the island, in his wet clothes—as well as

nearly drowned when he fell in the river. But they built a big fire and warmed themselves.

The next day it was very much colder. The river froze so hard that they could walk to the other shore.

Two days later they reached the cabin of Mr. John Frazier. They asked him to get them some horses.

Major Washington went to see an Indian woman called Queen Aliquippa. She had not liked it because he did not go to see her before.

She was old and fat and ugly. Her skin was brown and wrinkled. Her hair was straight and black and greasy. She wore a band of colored beads on it. Her dress and shoes were made of deerskin with beads sewed on them. She wore many bead necklaces and bracelets. She had a bright-colored blanket about her shoulders.

Major Washington gave her a warm blanket called a Match Coat, and some other presents. She liked him. She danced for him. Major Washington liked her. He thought she was very funny.

About the middle of January Major Washington reached Williamsburg, the town in which the Governor of Virginia lived.

He gave Governor Dinwiddie the letter which the Chevalier de Saint Pierre had sent him.

Governor Dinwiddie did not like the Chevalier de Saint Pierre's letter any more than the Chevalier had liked his. The Chevalier had written that the Ohio

country belonged to the French—and that they would never, never give it up. Governor Dinwiddie knew that meant they would have to fight the French. They would have a big war.

But Governor Dinwiddie liked the way Major George Washington had taken his letter through wild, dangerous country in the cold wintertime. He was sure no one could have done that better.

Governor Dinwiddie asked Major Washington to write a paper about everything he had done and seen and heard, so he could have it the next day.

He wanted to send copies of the paper to the Governors of the other Colonies—and to King George in England.

It was not easy for Major George Washington to write the paper. He had to sit up all night. He had no light except a few candles. When he gave his paper to Governor Dinwiddie the next day he told him he was sorry there were so many mistakes in it.

But the Governor liked the paper. It told him

how many forts the French had
where they were
what they were like
how many soldiers were in them
how many Indians lived in the Ohio country
how many of them liked the French
how many of them liked the English
where the English ought to build forts

and many other things which the Governor and King George wanted very much to know.

II

Everyone thought that Major George Washington was a wonderfully brave young soldier!

The men who made the laws of Virginia voted to give him seventy-five dollars (they called it fifteen pounds) because he had done so much for his country.

Major Washington was still an adjutant general. So he went to the town of Alexandria—not far from Mount Vernon—and took charge of the Virginia soldiers there.

Two months later Governor Dinwiddie made him a lieutenant colonel. He had been only a major before. A lieutenant colonel is a higher officer than a major.

Then he told him he wanted him to take some soldiers and go right back to the Ohio country.

Governor Dinwiddie wanted the English to be ready to fight the French.

Lieutenant Colonel George Washington had asked his brother John Augustine—he always called him Jack—to live at Mount Vernon and look after everything there for him while he was away.

Then he took one hundred and fifty soldiers and started to the Ohio country.

A few weeks before, Governor Dinwiddie had sent a

young Captain Trent with forty soldiers, to build a fort for the English at the Forks of the Ohio.

He wanted Lieutenant Colonel George Washington and his men to go and help Captain Trent.

But first he wanted him to have his soldiers cut down trees and make a road through the forests and over the mountains.

He wanted the road cut so that Colonel Fry and one hundred and fifty more soldiers could follow and take heavy guns and cattle and big wagons filled with food and other things which they would all need.

Colonel Fry was a higher officer than Lieutenant Colonel George Washington.

Lieutenant Colonel Washington had a hard time. His soldiers were not real soldiers. They were poor men who wanted to fight just so they could earn a little money.

Some of them had no shoes to wear. Others had no shirts.

Lieutenant Colonel Washington had to train them. He had to try to make good soldiers out of them. He had to try to make them work.

They did not like that at all. They thought cutting down trees and digging dirt to make a road was very hard.

They just would not work very hard—or very fast.

About three weeks later, when Lieutenant Colonel George Washington and his men were still far away

from the Forks of the Ohio, they heard that five hundred French soldiers had gone there before them—driven Captain Trent's men away—and taken the fort they were building away from them.

Then the French soldiers finished the fort for themselves.

They made it very much larger.

They named it Fort Duquesne. (You call that Du Ken.)

Lieutenant Colonel George Washington came to a place on the side of a mountain where there were no trees. The Indians called it the Great Meadows. It was not very far from the Forks of the Ohio.

He thought Great Meadows would be a good place for him to make a camp and perhaps to build a fort.

The Half-King had a camp not far away. He was watching the English and the French. He knew they were going to fight.

He sent an Indian to tell Lieutenant Colonel Washington that some French soldiers were marching towards his camp to fight him and his soldiers.

Lieutenant Colonel George Washington was very much excited. He had never had to fight before!

He took forty of his soldiers and hurried off to the Half-King's camp. They decided to go right away to meet the French soldiers and fight them.

It was a dark night in early spring. Rain was falling. They found the French soldiers sitting and lying

around a camp fire in the woods. There were only thirty of them.

Lieutenant Colonel Washington told his soldiers to shoot.

The Indians who were with him gave a big war whoop.

The French shouted—jumped up—and began to shoot, too.

But they saw that their leader had been killed. And that nine of their soldiers were killed, too. So the others let Lieutenant Colonel Washington and his soldiers from Virginia make prisoners of them and lead them away.

The name of the dead leader of the French was Monsieur de Jumonville.

The French prisoners told Lieutenant Colonel Washington that they were not coming to fight him. They said their leader just wanted to talk with him and ask him to go away.

If that was true, it was wrong for the Virginia soldiers to shoot and kill the French soldiers.

But Lieutenant Colonel Washington did not know about it in time.

And he was not sure that it was true.

Lieutenant Colonel Washington went back to Great Meadows. He ordered his men to make a palisade fort.

A palisade fort was a high fence all around a big open space.

The posts were close together. Bullets and arrows could

not go through them. Men could hide behind the fence to shoot.

Lieutenant Colonel Washington named his new fort
"Fort Necessity."

He knew that when the French soldiers at Fort Duquesne heard that his men had killed some of their men, they would be very angry.

He knew they would come to Great Meadows to fight him.

One hundred and fifty more Virginia soldiers came to Fort Necessity. Colonel Fry was not with them. He had died in Virginia.

That made Lieutenant Colonel George Washington the leader.

He had three hundred men.

Captain Mackay, an officer from King George's Colony of South Carolina, also came to the fort. He brought some soldiers with him.

Captain Mackay was a captain in King George's Army. George Washington was a lieutenant colonel in the Virginia army.

Captain Mackay said that a King's officer was higher than a Virginia officer—and that that made him the leader.

George Washington said he was the leader because a lieutenant colonel was higher than a captain.

There was trouble. Captain Mackay would not take orders from Lieutenant Colonel Washington.

A few days passed. The French did not come to fight. So Lieutenant Colonel George Washington took some of his men and went off to work on his road. Captain Mackay and his men would not help. They stayed at the fort and did nothing.

That made Lieutenant Colonel Washington very, very angry. He wrote angry letters to Governor Dinwiddie about it.

He said they ought to make him a King's officer.

Then he would never have any more troubles of that kind.

A few days later Lieutenant Colonel George Washington heard that a great many French soldiers really were coming to fight him. So he had his men march back to Fort Necessity.

More than six hundred French and Indians came to Great Meadows.

Indians always hid behind trees to fight. They had taught the French to do that.

So the French and Indians stayed on the hills.

The Virginia soldiers had dug a ditch or trench in front of Fort Necessity. They went in it to fight.

The French and Indians on the hills could see to shoot right down on the English.

But Lieutenant Colonel George Washington and his men could not see the French.

The French and Indians began to shoot about eleven o'clock in the morning. About eight o'clock that evening

they stopped. Then they sent some men to ask Lieutenant Colonel Washington to give up Fort Necessity and go away.

They said he could march off with flags flying and drums beating.

That was called marching off with the honors of war.

His men could take their swords, guns, food, clothes and blankets with them.

All they would have to leave would be the cannon, or big guns.

And they must promise not to come back to the country which King Louis of France owned and try to build another fort for a whole year.

Lieutenant Colonel Washington was very young. He was very proud.

That was his first battle. He hated to lose it.

But everything had gone against him.

It had rained very hard all day.

Mud and water had run down the hills into the trench and fort. His men had to stand in water to fight.

Their gunpowder was wet. It could not be used.

There was not much food left—and they could not get more.

The Half-King had not helped the English in the fight. He had taken his Indians away and sat on a hill-side and watched. He wanted to be friends with the side that won.

Captain Mackay and his men had not helped much.

Fifty of Lieutenant Colonel Washington's soldiers had been killed or hurt.

Lieutenant Colonel Washington saw that his men could not win.

He knew they would all be killed or made prisoners if they stayed.

So he told the French that they would go.

The French gave him a paper to sign. It was a promise that he would not come back to the Ohio country and try to build another Fort for a year.

Lieutenant Colonel Washington signed the paper. Then he led his men away.

The Virginia soldiers were very tired. They had no wagons, so they had to leave behind them many things that they needed.

And they had to carry the poor men who had been hurt.

Lieutenant Colonel Washington led his tired, ragged men back to Virginia.

He went to see Governor Dinwiddie.

He felt that he had done very badly. He was afraid the Governor would never want him to fight again.

Everyone knew that young Lieutenant Colonel Washington had lost his first battle. But people did not blame him.

They knew that he and his men had done the best they could.

THIS LINE ON THE MAP
SHOWS MAJOR GEORGE
WASHINGTON'S FIRST TRIP TO THE
OHIO COUNTRY



ON THE WAY
THIS LINE SHOWS LEUTENANT COLONEL
WASHINGTON'S TRIP BACK TO THE OHIO COUNTRY
LATER, WITH GENERAL BRADDOCK AND
HIS ARMY, HE FOLLOWED THIS LINE TOO

AN INDIAN
SPY AT MAJOR
WASHINGTON



A BULLET HAD STRUCK
GENERAL BRADDOCK

ON THE MAP
THIS LINE SHOWS WHERE
COLONEL WASHINGTON AND
GENERAL BRADDOCK AND
THE ARMY WENT STILL
FARTHER

George Washington's trips

Governor Dinwiddie thought that he had been very brave.

He told him that he wanted him to take his soldiers—and get some more soldiers—and go right back to the Ohio country and try again to take Fort Duquesne away from the French.

So Lieutenant Colonel Washington went back to his soldiers.

Then Governor Dinwiddie wrote him that he was going to send ten groups of men to fight the French. A captain would lead each group. He said he wanted him to be a captain, too, instead of a lieutenant colonel. Then no officer would be higher than another—and there would not be any more trouble.

That made Lieutenant Colonel George Washington very, very angry!

He said that he would not be just a captain! He said he would not go at all!

So he left the army. He went to see his mother. She was glad. She had worried about him. She hoped that he would never go to fight again.

So George visited his friends.

He went to Mount Vernon and stayed a few months.

III

But George Washington was not happy.
He had loved being a soldier.

After his men had fought with the soldiers of Monsieur de Jumonville he had written to his brother Jack: "I have heard the bullets whistle; and, believe me, there is something charming in the sound."

Whenever he saw his soldier's uniform hanging in the closet, he wished that he could put it on and go to fight again.

English ships were sailing up the Potomac River!

They sailed right past Mount Vernon!

George Washington saw King George's flags flying from their masts. He saw many men with red coats on moving about.

They were soldiers from England. King George had sent one thousand of them to Virginia to fight the French. He had sent General Edward Braddock to be their leader.

The ships sailed to Alexandria—a town eight miles from Mount Vernon.

They stopped there. General Braddock and King George's soldiers got off!

George Washington was so excited!

Every morning he got on his horse and rode to Alexandria.

He wanted to see what real soldiers were like.

He looked at their bright red coats. He saw their yellow trimmings, their gold braid, their shiny gold buttons. He watched them march in straight rows—just as they had always marched to battles across the sea.

The people of Alexandria were very nice to General Braddock and his English officers. They asked them to dinners and dances and teas. The ladies wore their gayest flowered silk dresses. They carried their prettiest fans.

General Braddock invited the ladies and gentlemen of Virginia to teas and parties on his ship.

George Washington of Mount Vernon was invited to some of the parties. General Braddock met him.

George Washington was only twenty-three years old—but General Braddock had heard of him before he left England.

He knew that he had taken the letter to the French Commander. He knew that he had been defeated at Fort Necessity. He knew that King George had said, when he heard that George Washington thought the sound of bullets was charming,

“He has not heard many, or he would not think them very charming.”

General Braddock liked George Washington. He liked his strength, his dignity, his self-respect, the clear steady look in his eyes.

General Braddock knew that George Washington knew all about the Ohio country. He wished that he could get him to go with him.

But General Braddock also knew that George Washington had left the army. And he knew why he had left.

General Braddock could not make George Washing-

ton an officer in King George's Army. But he could—and did—ask him to go as one of his staff.

Do you know what the general's staff was? It was the group of officers that went with him to help him decide what to do.

George Washington said he would be very glad to go to the Ohio country as a staff officer.

The General said they would all call him Colonel Washington—just to be polite.

George Washington knew that he was not a real colonel—but he hoped that some day General Braddock would ask King George to make him one.

General Braddock had fought in many battles across the ocean. His soldiers had always fought on open battlefields. They had always seen the soldiers they were fighting.

General Braddock thought that he knew all about fighting. He thought the Virginia soldiers did not know anything about it.

Colonel Washington tried to tell him how the French and Indians hid behind trees when they fought.

But General Braddock would not listen to him.

They had many quarrels about it.

Yet General Braddock liked Colonel Washington. He said that when he went back to England he would try to have him made an officer in King George's Army.

General Braddock asked the Governors of five of King George's Colonies to meet him in Alexandria.



The French and Indians hid behind trees when they fought.

He asked them if they would have the people in their Colonies lend his soldiers their wagons and horses, because they would need them to carry their heavy guns and tents and food and blankets and clothes and gunpowder to the Ohio country.

He asked if they would have their people furnish money and food for his soldiers.

The Governors said they would go back home and tell the people in their Colonies to do that.

Then General Braddock started off to the Ohio coun-

try to take Fort Duquesne away from the French. He thought that would be very easy—because he had twenty-two hundred men. Some Virginia soldiers went with him, too.

On the way he sent Colonel Washington back to Williamsburg to get money to pay his soldiers. Colonel Washington went and got the money—and took it to General Braddock in Maryland.

When he got there he found the general in a very bad temper. People had not sent their best horses and wagons for his soldiers to use. They had sent old, worn-out ones—and not very many of them. They had not sent the food their Governors had promised that they would send. Some of the food they did send was not good. It had to be thrown away.

They used the road through the woods and over the mountains which George Washington had made the year before. But it had to be made wider. That took a long time.

Colonel Washington asked General Braddock why he did not march ahead with one-half of his men—and leave the other half to bring the wagons and cattle and supplies.

General Braddock thought that was a good idea. He went ahead with eleven hundred men.

The soldiers from England were not happy. They thought the forests were so big and dark and still. They thought they saw Indians behind every tree. They told

stories they had heard about scalping—and about people whom the Indians had burned alive at the stake.

The soldiers from Virginia were not happy because General Braddock made them march as his soldiers marched in England. They wanted to hide behind the trees.

On a beautiful day in July, the first part of General Braddock's army reached a place about ten miles from Fort Duquesne. They were marching in an open space. The country was lovely. The woods and hills around them were so green—and so cool—and so still.

The soldiers from England and Virginia heard a long, piercing screech. It seemed to come from the woods and hills and hollows all around. It sounded as if wild animals had made it. It was the Indian war whoop!

Bullets whistled about their heads. Arrows flew through the air. They hit the English soldiers marching in the open in their bright red coats.

Bloody men lay on the ground. Horses dashed here and there without their riders. Wild cries were heard.

The soldiers from Virginia tried to run behind trees. General Braddock dashed up on his horse. He hit at them with his sword.

A very pale, thin young man dashed up with the general. There was a pillow on his horse instead of a saddle.

It was Colonel George Washington. He had been very ill with a fever. For many days he had ridden in a cov-

ered wagon. A half-hour before he had been too weak to walk!

Now he seemed to have the strength of ten men! He dashed here and there. He gave orders. He fought. He felt no fear. He and the Virginians held the enemy back. They tried bravely to show King George's soldiers how to fight.

But it was no use! The English soldiers turned and ran! They threw away their guns. The French and Indians ran after them. They killed so many of them!

Wagons were overturned. Horses and cattle, crazed with fear, trampled on bleeding, dying men. General Braddock's army kept on retreating. Finally they left their pursuers behind.

Colonel Washington was a hero! Everyone talked about how brave he had been.

He was still very ill. Yet he had fought harder than anyone else.

Two horses were shot under him. There were four bullet holes through his coat. But he was not hurt. The Indians said that he had a charmed life.

A bullet struck poor General Braddock. He had to be carried off the battlefield. Two days later he died. They buried him in the middle of the road—so that the Indians could not find his body and take his scalp. Colonel Washington read the funeral service over his body.

Colonel Washington thought the English soldiers had acted like cowards.

He wrote to his mother, "They ran as sheep pursued by dogs."

More than half of them were killed.

IV

Colonel Washington rode back to Mount Vernon.

His friend, George William Fairfax, sent a letter asking him to go to Belvoir that same day.

He said that his wife, Mrs. Sally Fairfax, and the other ladies there wanted to see him right away.

They wanted to tell him how brave they thought he had been—and how proud they were of him. They wanted to see for themselves that he was not hurt. They wanted him to tell them all about the battle.

Colonel Washington was glad to go.

He was very happy to see all his good friends again.

The people of Virginia were very grateful to Colonel Washington because he had fought so hard for them. They voted to give him three hundred pounds (that was about fifteen hundred dollars). He had lost his clothes and blankets and tent and three or four horses and some other things on the trip. The people wanted to pay for them.

Governor Dinwiddie wanted to do something for him, too. So he made him the leader of all the soldiers of Virginia. He made him a real colonel. But Colonel

Washington was still a Virginia officer—and not a king's officer.

Governor Dinwiddie told him to take his soldiers and go to the country beyond the Blue Ridge mountains. Indians were killing the English farmers who lived there and burning their homes.

Colonel Washington spent three years in that part of the country.

The Indians were very cruel. The French sent them to attack English farmers who lived in log cabins far from other people.

They hid behind trees. They shot and killed the farmers as they worked in their fields. They burned their cabins. They drove their wives and children before them into the forests. They made them carry heavy loads of things from their burned homes on their backs.

When the women and children were so tired and hungry that they could not walk any further, the Indians killed them and took their scalps and showed them to the French.

Sometimes the Indians burned the cabins at night.

The English farmers were very much afraid of the Indians. They were so glad that Colonel Washington and his soldiers had come to drive them away.

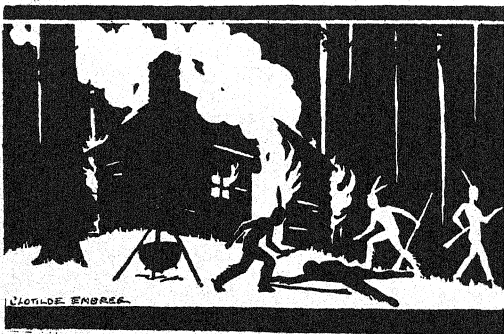
Colonel Washington had more troubles than Indian troubles. A King's officer named Captain Dagworthy said he was going to be the leader because a King's captain was a higher officer than a Virginia colonel.

Colonel Washington was very angry. He wrote to Governor Dinwiddie. When the Governor did nothing about it, Colonel Washington said that he would go to Boston to see General William Shirley—the leader of all King George's soldiers in the Thirteen Colonies.

He took his friend, Captain George Mercer, with him. He took two servants. Their names were John Alton and Thomas Bishop.

John Alton was a white man. Thomas Bishop, a mulatto, had been General Braddock's servant. The dying general had asked Colonel Washington to let him work for him.

They all rode horseback. They looked very fine.



The Indians burned the farmers' cabins

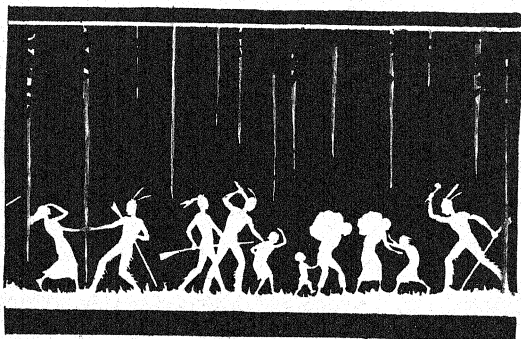
Colonel Washington had sent to London for their clothes.

He wore his Virginia colonel's uniform of buff and blue. Over it he wore a white cloak with a red lining. His hair was powdered white. His hat was laced with gold braid. There were lace ruffles on the front of his shirt and at his wrists. His hose were white silk. There were silver buckles on his shoes and at his knees. His sword had gold on the handle.

His two servants wore cream-colored clothes trimmed with red.

All the people watched them as they rode along.

They stopped in Philadelphia. Everyone had heard



and drove their wives and children into the wilderness.

of Colonel George Washington of Virginia. Everyone wanted to meet him. He saw his old friends. He made many new friends. He went to dinners and dances and plays.

He visited his friend Beverley Robinson in New York. He was a young man from Virginia who had married Miss Susannah Phillipse, the daughter of one of the richest men in New York.

Beverley Robinson wanted Colonel Washington to marry his wife's sister. Her name was Miss Mary Phillipse. Everyone called her "Miss Polly."

She was very pretty.

Colonel Washington liked her.

He spent several days in New York. He went to balls and dinners and plays.

He took Miss Polly and some other young ladies to see the Microcosm—or the World in Miniature (very small).

A man in London named Mr. Henry Bridges had worked twenty-two years to make it. It was a little building like a Roman temple (church) in which toy people sawed wood—played music—shot guns—and did many other things. There was a toy pond with toy ducks swimming on it. Twelve hundred wheels made the toys move as if they were alive.

Colonel Washington enjoyed the Microcosm so much that he took Miss Polly to see it again.

But he did not ask her to marry him. He was not

quite sure that he liked her enough—or that she liked him.

He went on to Boston—to see General Shirley.

General Shirley said that Colonel Washington was a higher officer than Captain Dagworthy.

V

Colonel Washington went back to Virginia.

He had to make many trips from the part of the country in which his soldiers were fighting Indians—to see the Governor.

One day he was riding to Williamsburg in a great hurry to see a new Governor named Governor Fauquier. He met a friend named Colonel Chamberlayne. His friend asked him to go to his home because he wanted him to meet some friends who were visiting there. Colonel Washington said that he would stop for an hour or so.

He met Colonel Chamberlayne's friends. Among them was a very charming young widow named Mrs. Martha Dandridge Custis. She liked Colonel Washington the first minute she saw him. Colonel Washington liked her so much that he forgot all about being in a hurry.

He and Mrs. Custis sat in Colonel Chamberlayne's big, cool parlor and talked all the long afternoon.

They fell in love with each other.

Not long after they told their friends they were going to be married.

Everyone was delighted to hear that Colonel George Washington was going to marry Mrs. Custis.

Colonel Washington was the bravest young man in Virginia.

Mrs. Custis was the richest young woman in Virginia.

When she was only seventeen years old, Miss Martha Dandridge had married Colonel Daniel Parke Custis—a man very, very much older than she was. He was very rich. He died. Mrs. Custis was left with two little children—a little girl named Martha Parke Custis and a little boy named John Parke Custis.

Colonel George Washington could not be married yet. He had to go to the Ohio country for the fourth time—to try once more to take Fort Duquesne away from the French.

He went with General Forbes. Just before they reached Fort Duquesne, the French soldiers burned the fort and ran away. The English raised their flag over it, rebuilt it, and named it Fort Pitt. (Now the city of Pittsburgh is there.)

Colonel Washington went back to Virginia. He left the army so that he could live with his new family at home.

Colonel George Washington and Mrs. Martha Custis had a very fine wedding. It took place in January at



Mrs. Custis's home near Williamsburg. The name of her home was "The White House."

All the nicest people in Virginia went to the wedding. Governor Fauquier was there. His clothes were red trimmed with gold.

Colonel Washington wore a suit of blue cloth trimmed with silver braid. His coat was lined with red silk. His waistcoat or vest was made of embroidered white satin. He wore gold knee and shoe buckles. His hair was powdered white.

Mrs. Custis wore a white satin dress threaded with silver and trimmed with point lace over a petticoat of quilted white satin. She wore pearls in her hair. Her

white satin slippers were trimmed with silver lace and their buckles had diamonds on them.

Little Patsy Custis was four years old. Her brother Jacky Custis was six years old. They had very fine new clothes for their mother's wedding, too.

Everyone laughed and talked and danced and ate a great deal.

Everyone was happy. Their friends all hoped that George and Martha Washington would have a long and happy life.

Before Colonel George Washington left the army he had been elected a member of the House of Burgesses in Virginia. The House of Burgesses was made up of the men who made the laws. They met in Williamsburg.

After the wedding was over Colonel and Mrs. George Washington went to Williamsburg so that Colonel Washington could be in the House of Burgesses. It was part of their honeymoon too.

Mrs. Washington rode in a beautiful coach. Her husband and some of his friends rode on horseback near the coach.

Colonel and Mrs. Washington spent the remainder of their honeymoon at "The White House" where they were married. Then, in the spring, they went to Mount Vernon to live. Of course Patsy and Jacky Custis went, too.

READING ROOM

Happy Years at Mount Vernon

READING ROOM

READING ROOM

READING ROOM

READING ROOM



4

MRS. MARTHA WASHINGTON had learned to make a home when she was just a little girl.

Her mother had taught her to cook, to spin, to sew, and to knit, so that she could train servants to do those things well.

She was taught to play the spinet (piano), to paint, to dance the minuet and the Virginia reel, to curtsy (bow), to be a fine horsewoman, to dress beautifully.

Before she was eleven years old little Miss Martha Dandridge was a fine young lady. She went to the balls in Williamsburg. The young men thought she was very pretty.

She was only sixteen when she married Colonel Custis. She was only twenty-seven when she married Colonel George Washington and went to Mount Vernon to live.

When the coach drove up to their door at Mount Vernon, all the servants were out to greet their master and his bride:

"Welcome, Mistis!"

"Welcome, Marse George!"

"Welcome, lil' Mistis an' lil' Marse!" they cried.

Colonel Washington was tall and handsome and dignified and elegant. Mrs. Washington was quite short. She looked so tiny beside her tall husband! Her hair and eyes were brown. She was pretty and dignified and elegant. The servants were very proud to have such a fine mistress.

Four-year-old Miss Patsy Custis was very cunning! She had dark hair and dark eyes. She hid behind Mammy's skirts—peeped around shyly—and smiled.

Six-year-old Master Jacky Custis was tall and slender and dark. He looked around proudly.

Mrs. Martha Washington took charge of her new home as soon as she arrived.

Colonel Washington had forty-nine colored servants at Mount Vernon. He always called them "my people." He was very kind to them.

His wife had had three hundred servants living on her much larger plantations near Williamsburg.

Soon some of Mrs. Washington's servants came sailing

up the Potomac River in a brig. They brought many things from her old homes—beautiful dishes, linens, bed covers, chairs, tables, mirrors, beds, chests of drawers.

Mrs. Washington had her furniture placed just where she wanted it in her new home.

Then she made a pleasant home for her husband, a happy home for her children, and a lovely, lovely place for their friends to visit.

The house stood high above the Potomac River. Everything about it had been made fresh and clean and new-looking. It was white. It glistened in the sunshine.

A wide hall ran through the middle. Two parlors were on one side, a sitting-room and a dining-room on the other. Upstairs there were five bedrooms. And there was an attic over them.

It was springtime. Wide lawns sloped down to the river. Great trees were fresh and green. The Potomac was wide and blue and sparkling. The air was sweet with lilacs and wild honeysuckle. Mocking birds and catbirds sang their impudent songs.

Little Patsy and Jacky Custis thought their new home was just the very nicest place in all the world to play!

Mammy took them down to the river. They liked to watch the fish and the boats.

They went to see baby calves. They patted their velvety noses.

They played with baby lambs. Their wool felt so soft and thick.

They romped on the great lawns with puppies and kittens and pickaninnies.

They were always so hungry when meal times came!

They were always so sleepy when Mammy put them to bed!

The kitchen was in another building—away from the house.

Six men could have got into the great fireplace which was used for cooking!

There were great andirons in it to hold the big logs of wood.

There was an iron crane with hooks to hang the pots and kettles over the blaze.

There was an iron spit so strong that a fourth of a cow—a whole young pig—or a very large wild turkey could be turned before the fire and roasted on it.

Dutch ovens—or iron pots with lids—stood on their iron legs in the ashes.

A brick oven was built in the wall at the side of the fireplace. Many loaves of bread, many pans of beaten biscuit, many pies and cakes and cookies could be baked in it at a time!

What a busy woman Aunt Dinah was!

Four meals to cook every day—for so many people! Breakfast at seven, dinner at three in the afternoon, tea at seven in the evening, and supper at nine!

But Aunt Dinah did not have to do all the work herself. She had colored girls and boys to peel her fruits

and vegetables. They carried the hot dishes across the lawn to the dining-room. They helped wash the dishes and pots and pans.

Aunt Dinah kept everything about her kitchen so clean and bright and shining! Her copper kettles shone like gold! Her pewter dishes gleamed like silver! Many strings of dried fruits and onions and gay red peppers hung on the walls.

II

Colonel and Mrs. George Washington led very busy lives. They got up at four o'clock every morning!

In those days people did not go to stores to buy everything they ate and wore and used. They had their servants make the things which were needed.

Colored servants on plantations lived in groups of little cabins called the "quarters." The house servants lived near the big house. The field servants lived further away.

Every morning Mrs. Washington had to go to see not only her cook and the women who washed clothes but the women and girls who carded and spun and wove the wool and flax and cotton into cloth, who cut out and sewed the clothes which the servants wore.

Colonel Washington had to go to see his woodcutters, carpenters, blacksmiths, shoemakers, wheel-makers, barrel-makers and brick-makers.

He had to go to see the miller who ground his wheat

into flour, the men who caught fish in seines (nets) for the servants to eat, the men who plowed and planted and tilled his fields.

What do you suppose Colonel Washington did first every morning—because it was the thing he liked best to do?

He went to the stables to see his horses!

He had a great many horses. Some were very beautiful. The most beautiful came from Arabia. There were horses to ride, horses to run in the races at Alexandria and Annapolis and Williamsburg, and horses to drive.

Others were very big and strong. They were used to plow the fields, and to haul heavy wagons of wood and bricks and tobacco and wheat and corn.

Colonel Washington loved them all! He walked among them—stroked their silky noses and flanks—called them by their names.

Some of the names of the beautiful horses were Magnolia, Chinkling, Ajax, Blueskin and Valiant.

They rubbed their noses against his coat sleeves. They whinnied softly.

What do you suppose Colonel Washington did next—because it was another of the things he liked best to do?

He went to the kennels to see his dogs!

They were so glad to see him! They barked and yelped and leaped and jumped. They licked his hands and boots. They tried to lick his face.

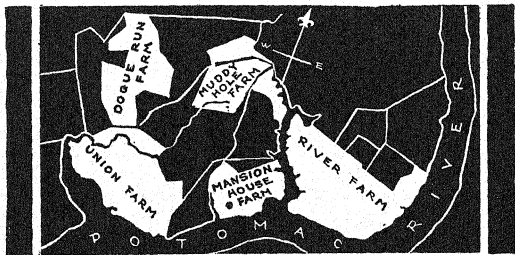
He liked his fox hounds best. They were called "the pack." He thought their voices when they were out hunting sounded like music. They were trained to run so closely together that a blanket would have covered them all!

Some of the names of the fox hounds were Mopsey, Trueman, Music, Bell Tongue, Sweet Lips, Lady, Rover, Singer, Searcher, Duchess and Jupiter.

Colonel George Washington was perfectly happy at Mount Vernon. He thought it was much nicer to be a farmer than to be a soldier. He loved to make things grow.

He hoped that he and his wife and the children could always live at Mount Vernon and lead happy, peaceful lives.

Every morning he rode over his farms. Half of the



The plantation was divided into five farms.

Mount Vernon plantation was still covered with great forest trees. Wild Indians had roamed under them before the white men came to Virginia.

Where the trees had been cut down, the plantation was divided into five farms. They were called the Mansion House Farm, River Farm, Union Farm, Muddy Hole Farm and Dogue Run Farm.

Dogue Run Farm was named for the Doeg Indians who used to live there.

Each farm had a manager or overseer—and then there was a manager for them all.

Once a week the managers told Colonel Washington about everything that had been done—what crops had been planted or harvested—just what kind of work and just how much work each servant had done—and many other things. Colonel Washington wrote all those things down in books.

He had many fields of tobacco, wheat, corn, hay, oats, hemp, barley, rye, peas, clover, potatoes and turnips.

He had many cows. He had oxen that pulled wagons and plows just like horses. He had mules and sheep and hogs and turkeys and chickens.

Colonel Washington had to manage the great plantations of his wife and children near Williamsburg, too—and farms which he bought for himself in other parts of Virginia. He also helped his mother manage Ferry Farm.

The people in Virginia liked best to raise tobacco, be-

cause they could send it to London in ships and use it as money to buy the things they wanted there.

Colonel Washington found that the soil of a field planted in tobacco year after year soon wore out, so that good crops could not be raised.

He tried growing other things. He learned that if he planted tobacco the first year, wheat the second year, buckwheat the third, oats the fourth, clover or vegetables the fifth, and hay for the animals to eat the sixth, and then went back to tobacco, he could use his old fields all the time—and the soil never wore out.

He was the first farmer in America to learn that. It is called rotation of crops.

III

Colonel Washington ordered pretty things from London for his family!

For little Miss Patsy Custis he ordered

One fashionable dressed baby (doll), a stiffened coat of fashionable silk, 2 Caps, 2 Pairs Ruffles, 2 Tuckers, Bibs and Aprons, if fashionable, 2 Bonnetts, 2 fans, 2 Masks.

For Master Jacky Custis he ordered

a silver laced hat, 1 pair handsome Silver Shoe and Knee Buckles, 6 books for children learning to read, 1 piece black Hair Ribbon, one light Cloak with Silver frogs (fasteners).

For both children he ordered little Bibles and Prayer Books bound in turkey-red leather.

For Mrs. Washington he ordered many lovely dresses of velvet and silk and embroidered muslins, beautiful bonnets, fine laces, gloves, silk hose, satin shoes, fans—and sugar candy!

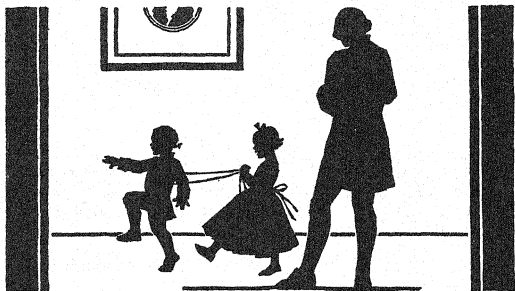
When the two children were a little older they had a tutor (teacher) to teach them to read and write and spell.

Little Patsy sat at her mother's knee and learned to sew.

Little Jacky had a colored boy dressed in a uniform of white trimmed with red (just like all the other servants at Mount Vernon wore) to follow him everywhere and see that he did not get hurt.

After the candles were lighted the two children romped in the big parlor. Sometimes they saw their tall father watching them through the door. He was so quiet





and dignified that they stopped playing. They were afraid he might not like the noise.

But he always begged them to go on. He liked to see and hear them so happy. He loved them as much as if they were his own.

In the long winter evenings it was so nice to sit before great fires of blazing logs and listen to stories about bears and buffaloes and Indians which Papa had seen—and about the things Mamma did when she was a little girl.

There was always a great deal of company at Mount Vernon. . . . Mrs. Washington's mother, Mrs. Dandridge, and her sister, Mrs. Bassett—Colonel Washington's many, many relatives with their families—all the friends who lived on plantations far and near.

Everyone was welcome to come and stay for dinner—to spend the night—to visit for days and days! When

all the bedrooms were filled, extra beds were made up in the hall and attic. Sometimes all the men went to another building near the house to sleep—and the ladies had the big house to themselves.

When bedtime came, everyone took a candle from a table in the hall and carried it up to his room. Aside from the light which the blazing logs in the bedroom fireplace made, the candle was the only light in the room!

Any stranger—lady or gentleman—who passed the house was welcome to come in and stay for dinner or spend the night. Sometimes Colonel and Mrs. Washington did not even know the names of their guests! If the guests forgot to tell them, they were too polite to ask!

What do you suppose they would all have for dinner at three o'clock in the afternoon?

Oyster soup, beef, mutton, a number of vegetables, pies, puddings, tarts, jellies, whips, floating island, sweet-meats, fruit, raisins and almonds! And do you know that there were no screens in those days—and that colored boys dressed in white and red had to wave great fans over the table and the guests to keep the flies away?

Then the ladies would go into the parlor for their coffee, and the men would stay at the table and talk. Later Mrs. Washington or one of the other ladies would play on the spinet, and they would all dance and talk and play cards.

On Sundays Colonel and Mrs. Washington took their guests to Pohick Church. It was nine miles away. Colonel Washington was a vestryman (officer) of the church. He always kept two pews there.

The ladies would go in the great coach drawn by four horses and in a smaller carriage called a chair or chaise. Colonel Washington and the gentlemen would ride horseback.

In summer they passed pleasant fields of wheat and corn and tobacco—great forests of stately trees. In winter the roads were very bad.

After the services were over the ladies and gentlemen walked about or sat on benches under the trees and talked with their friends. Colonel and Mrs. Washington would invite more friends to go home to dinner with them.

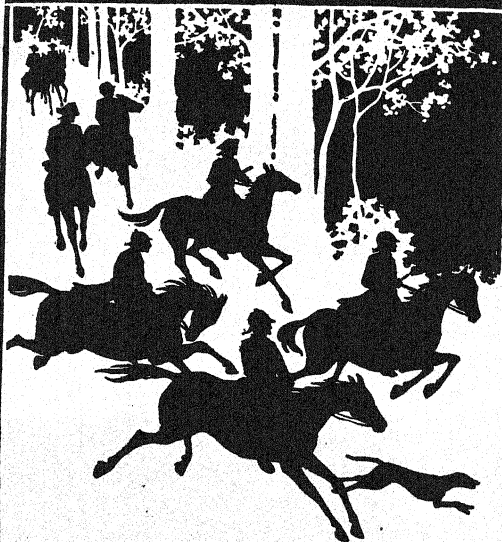
Sometimes they drove to the town of Alexandria to Christ Church.

Such a stirring in the house and in the stables! So early in the morning! So dark! The sun not risen yet! Colonel Washington and his guests are going fox hunting! Lord Fairfax is there. So are Colonel George William Fairfax, Mr. Bryan Fairfax, Colonel Fielding Lewis (he married Colonel Washington's sister Betty), Captain John Posey, Mr. Robert Alexander, Jack Custis.

Colonel Washington wears a blue coat, a scarlet waistcoat, buckskin breeches, top boots, a velvet cap. His whip has a long thong.

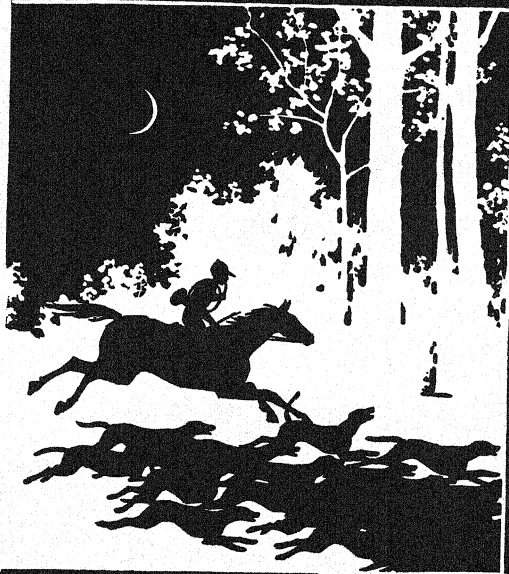
Off they go to the stables! Grooms are running here

REKLAND ON
READING ROOM



CLOTILDE EMBREE

Billy Lee rides in front



and blows the horn.

and there. Horses are saddled and bridled. They stamp their hoofs because they are so eager to start! They toss their pretty heads. They neigh.

Colored boys bring the "pack" from the kennels—leaping, yelping, frantic to be off!

The hunter's moon beckons in the heavens—that dainty, crescent moon, tipped so that a drop of water would fall out!

Away they go! Down the road—through the fields—over the fences—into the woods!

Billy Lee, Colonel Washington's colored body servant, rides in front and blows the horn! Its long mellow call rises and falls on the frosty morning air!

One of the dogs scents the trail of a fox! He lifts his voice. The other hounds join him in sharp, quick, musical tones.

Horses and riders dash after the dogs! They gallop madly for miles and miles, till the little red fox is all tired out, till the hounds leap on him, till one of the hunters kills him and cuts off his big bushy tail, or "brush."

IV

Colonel and Mrs. Washington lived at Mount Vernon for sixteen years.

Twice a year the Colonel had to go to Williamsburg to be in the House of Burgesses and help make the laws.

Mrs. Washington and the children often went with him.

On the way they would stop at Ferry Farm to see Colonel Washington's mother. She was always so glad to see them. She was so pleased because her son was happily married. She had worried about him when he was a soldier. Now she felt that he would always be quite safe.

Then they would stay overnight in Fredericksburg with Colonel Washington's sister, Mrs. Betty Washington Lewis. She had a beautiful home. It was called Milbrook.

Mrs. Betty Lewis also had eleven little girls and boys. Patsy and Jacky Custis liked to play with them.

Mrs. Martha Washington owned a very fine house in Williamsburg. It was called the Six Chimney House because it really did have six chimneys. Sometimes the family lived there for several weeks.

They gave parties. They went to dinners at the homes of their many friends. They went to the horse races.

Williamsburg was a very gay place. The Governor whom the King had sent from England lived there. He was called the Royal Governor. He lived in the Governor's palace and tried to have things just as fine as if he were a King. Peacocks strutted in his gardens.

Sometimes Colonel Washington and his family went to dinners and balls at the Governor's palace. Everyone wore very beautiful clothes which came from London.

Some of the men who belonged to the House of Bur-

gesses liked to stand up and talk all the time! They liked to make fine speeches.

Colonel Washington was not that kind of man. It was hard for him to make speeches.

He liked to sit still—and listen—and think.

In that way he learned all that the other men knew. (Do you remember that when he was a boy Lord Fairfax wrote his mother that he would always keep on learning?)

While he was sitting so quietly and thinking, Colonel Washington would plan what ought to be done. He always had good ideas ready when people needed them.

Never were men who knew how to think and plan more needed in Virginia and the other Colonies! There was trouble in the air!

The King George you have read about before in this book had died. His grandson ruled in England. He was called King George the Third.

King George III was not a wise ruler. He was selfish. He could not see beyond the end of his nose!

He let many laws be made which were unfair to the people in the Thirteen Colonies.

The laws made his people in the Colonies very angry. And they had always been so true to England and their Kings! King George let so many stupid things be done that at last they caused the American Revolution—the big war which lost England her thirteen Colonies—and made our country, the United States, begin.

There were laws which said that the people in the Colonies must send all their tobacco and wheat and corn to England to sell them—and not to other countries where they could get more money for them.

There were laws which said they must buy all the things they needed in England—and not in other countries where they cost less. If they did buy in other countries, they had to pay high taxes on the things they bought.

Some of the people did not obey the unjust laws. They “smuggled” things in from other countries. That means their ships landed on lonely beaches, where the King’s tax officers could not see them.

King George III said he would make them pay taxes on smuggled goods. He told his officers they could go into any man’s house they wanted to go in and hunt for smuggled goods and arrest the man who owned the house if they found any, and put him in jail.

The people were furious! How would you feel if the police had a right to search your house just because someone else had broken a law?

When King George found how terribly angry the people were, he tried another plan. He wanted to keep an army of his soldiers in the Colonies—and to pay for that army new laws said the people must buy stamps to put on all the newspapers and law papers and business papers which they used.

The name of that law was the Stamp Act.

The Stamp Act just made the Colonists more angry than ever!

They said they did not want the King to keep an army of English soldiers in America. The big war with the French and Indians was over—and for smaller wars with the Indians they had plenty of soldiers of their own.

They said they were not allowed to send men to England to help make those laws—and that men who lived across the ocean had no right whatever to make them pay taxes of any kind! They said they had always been free men who chose men in the Colonies to make their own laws—and that they were always going to be free!

One of their great leaders said,

“Taxation without representation is tyranny,”
—and they would not buy the stamps!

So the next year King George's lawmakers said they did not have to buy them—but they still said they had a perfect right to make them do it!

V

While those things were going on, the same gay life went on at Mount Vernon. Guests came and went. There were dinners. There was card-playing. There was fox hunting.

Patsy and Jacky Custis were growing up. Sometimes

the music master came to give Miss Patsy her lessons on the spinet and in singing. Mrs. Washington took lessons, too.

Sometimes Mr. Christian, the dancing master, came. Those were gay times, indeed. All the young people from neighboring plantations came. All afternoon they danced the minuet, the Virginia reel and other dances which were stately and beautiful.

After the candles were lighted they played games. One was called "Button to get Pawns for Redemption." The pawns were kisses.

Colonel Washington owned a big flat boat called a barge. Colored servants dressed in white uniforms trimmed with red used oars to make it go.

A family that lived across the river in Maryland had a barge, too. When guests wanted to go from one house to the other they waved flags, the two barges started out, met in the middle of the river, and the guests went from one to the other.

Colonel Washington had a big boat called a schooner built. Sometimes he used it to go fishing up and down the river.

The servants lowered great nets called seines in the water. They dragged them along until many fish were caught in them. Then they hauled them up.

Colonel Washington ordered a very fine new coach, or chariot. He said he wanted it

made in the newest taste, handsome, genteel and light, to be made of the best seasoned wood, and by a celebrated workman.

In those days coaches were not made in many parts in factories, like our automobiles, and then put together so that they would all be alike.

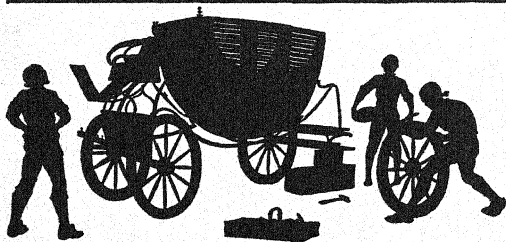
One man would make a whole coach. Perhaps he would have one or two helpers.

The maker took great pride in doing the most beautiful work he could do with his hands.

In those days people did not want things just because other people had the same kind.

They thought it was much more elegant when they had things which were not just like other people's.

Miss Patsy Custis was very pretty. She was so dark



that people called her "the dark lady." But she had never been very well.

She had a trouble which doctors could not cure. It grew worse all the time instead of better. It was called "epilepsy" or "epileptic fits."

Sometimes her mother and father had to go to Williamsburg just to take her to see the doctors. One of them gave her "fit drops."

Sometimes they took her to the Warm Springs. The Springs were near the Shenandoah River. There were no houses there to rent, so Colonel Washington built a house to live in while they were there.

Master Jacky Custis was not growing up to be just the kind of boy his mother and father wanted him to be.

He did not like to study. He thought too much about the girls, and fox hunting, and card-playing, and horse racing.

When he was fifteen years old his father took him to Annapolis, in Maryland, to a school kept by a minister called the Reverend Jonathan Boucher. Jacky stayed there about five years.

When he went home for vacations he used to visit at Mount Airy, the home of the Calverts in Maryland.

Little Miss Eleanor Calvert was very pretty. He fell in love with her. He told his parents he wanted to marry her. They liked Miss Calvert and her family—but of course they thought they were both too young. They said they ought to wait awhile.

VI

More troubles with King George III!

A new law! A new tax to pay on all the tea, glass, paper and colors for painters to use which were brought into the Colonies!

And what do you suppose King George III wanted to do with the money he got from the tax? Pay his governors, judges and lawyers in the Colonies—so that they would always be on his side—and unjust to the Colonists! He wanted to keep up a small army with part of it, too!

What chance would the poor Colonists have had then? They certainly would not have been free men!

Everyone was very angry. Two of the men in Virginia who were most angry were Colonel George Washington and Mr. George Mason. They used to stalk deer together and talk about things.

King George III sent a new Governor to Virginia. His name was Governor Botetourt. He drove to the House of Burgesses in a coach drawn by six horses. The people did not like him. He put on as many airs as if he were a King!

The Virginians in the House of Burgesses were furious about the new law! They made angry speeches. They wrote letters to leading men in the other Colonies and told them how they felt about it.

That made Governor Botetourt angry. He dismissed

the House of Burgesses so that the men could not get together and talk about it any more!

What do you suppose the House of Burgesses did then? They met in the home of a man in Williamsburg named Mr. Hay! They were more angry than ever! They talked more than ever!

And what do you suppose they decided to do? They said they simply would not buy any of the things on which the new tax must be paid!

It was Colonel Washington and Mr. George Mason who thought of that plan. Colonel Washington was so angry that he said he would rather fight King George III than to have his freedom taken away! But he wanted to try other plans first.

So he asked Mr. Mason to write a paper which people could sign, to promise that they would not buy taxed goods.

Colonel Washington himself read that paper before the meeting. And everyone there signed it.

VII

Colonel Washington made another trip to the Ohio country.

The House of Burgesses had promised to give his soldiers in the French and Indian wars a great deal of land there. They had never done it.

Colonel Washington wanted them to have that land.

He wanted them to have good land. He went to select it himself.

He and his friend Dr. Craik and their servants rode horseback to Fort Pitt (Duquesne). They met many Indians. They went down the Ohio River in canoes. They hunted buffaloes. They fished for trout. Colonel Washington bought four bearskins.

He selected good land for his soldiers. He got a great deal for himself. He hoped that the Thirteen Colonies and the Ohio country would grow into a great nation some day!

Jacky Custis still wanted to marry Miss Eleanor Calvert. He was not yet twenty years old! His father took him to New York to King's College (now Columbia University) so that he would be further away.

The Governor of Maryland went with Colonel Washington and Jacky Custis to Philadelphia to attend the horse races. The Governor of Pennsylvania gave a dinner for the Colonel. He met many other leading men there and in New York. And all they talked about was the new tax and their other troubles with the King.

Ten days after he went home, a very sad thing happened. Eighteen-year-old Patsy Custis, whom he loved so much, died! She ate her dinner as usual—had one of her attacks—and died in her father's arms. He wept like a child. He tried to comfort her poor mother.

A few days later Colonel Washington had another

great sorrow. His dear friends, Colonel George William Fairfax and his wife, Mrs. Sally Fairfax, left Belvoir, where the Washington family had spent so many happy hours, and went to England to live.

Colonel and Mrs. Washington were with them before they left. They went to the ship to see them sail. They waved sadly as their dearest friends started down the river.

The Fairfaxes never came back to Virginia. The next year their furniture was sold. They had given Colonel Washington all the furniture in "the Blue, or Dressing Room." He bought many other beautiful pieces for his home. Ten years later Belvoir house burned.

VIII

When the people in the Colonies would not buy the goods on which taxes had to be paid, and other things as well, it caused a "depression" in England. The merchants lost money because they could not sell their goods.

The ladies in Virginia who had always ordered beautiful clothes in London now had their servants spin and weave the cloth for their clothes. They were glad to wear dresses of rough-looking homespun.

Mrs. Washington proudly wore two cotton dresses with stripes made of old brown silk hose and red chair covers!

The ladies and gentlemen had their servants make many other things which they had always bought in London before. And they would not drink tea!

The English were worried. They did not like to lose money. They decided that the people in the Colonies need not pay a tax on anything but tea!

But the people in the Colonies said they would not pay a tax on anything at all—because King George III had no right whatever to ask them to!

English ships loaded with tea came to Boston. The people would not let them land. When officers tried to



force them to let the tea land, fifty men dressed like Indians went on board the ships one night and threw three hundred and forty-two big boxes of tea into the sea!

King George said that no more ships could land at Boston or leave there! He told his soldiers to keep the port closed until the people paid for the tea!

After his sister died, Jacky Custis, not yet twenty years old, left King's College and went home. Not long after, he married Miss Eleanor Calvert.

They had a very fine wedding at her home in Maryland. His mother felt too sad over her daughter's death to go. But Colonel Washington was there.

When the House of Burgesses heard that King George III had closed the Port of Boston, they were so alarmed that they asked all the people in Virginia to fast and pray for a whole day.

That made Governor Dunmore (he was a new Royal Governor) so angry that he dismissed the House again!

They met at the Raleigh Tavern. They decided to call a meeting of leading men from all the Colonies, to talk over what they must do!

Two months later a great meeting was held in Williamsburg to select the men who would go from Virginia to the First Continental Congress, as the meeting of men from all the Colonies was called.

Colonel George Washington was one of seven men selected to go!

The First Continental Congress met in Philadelphia in September, 1774. It was the first time that men from all the Thirteen Colonies had met to talk over their troubles as one people. Before that, they had always been thirteen separate groups.

They saw that if they acted together they would be much stronger. King George would be more likely to listen to them.

They sent papers to him and to the people of England, asking them to treat them fairly—and not make any more unjust laws. Then they went home.

They hoped that King George would listen to them. But they were afraid he would not.

When Colonel Washington went home he was asked to train soldiers in Virginia so that they would be ready if war should come.

King George III and the people in England paid no attention to the Colonists' appeals. They were sullen and angry and insulting.

In May, 1775, the Second Continental Congress met in Philadelphia.

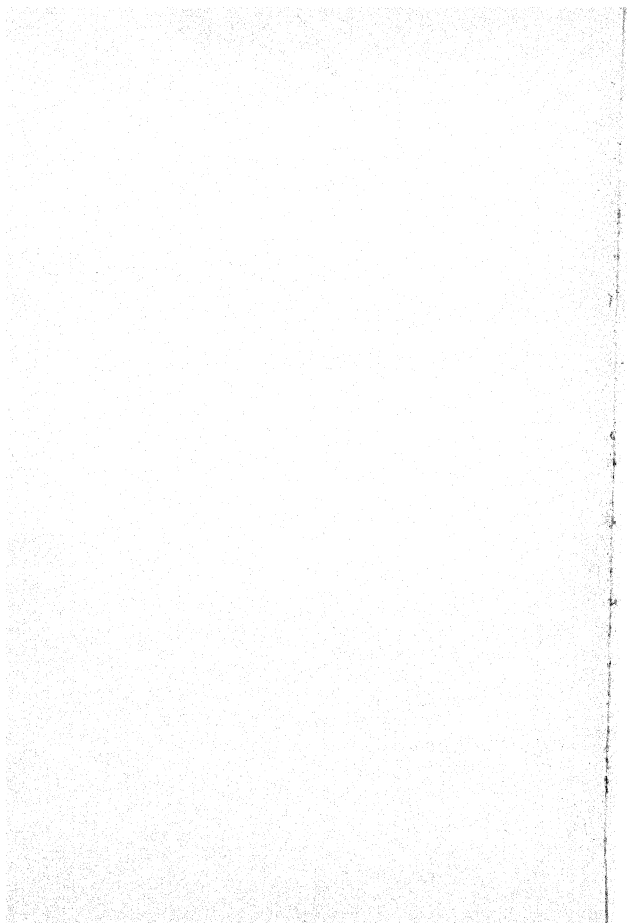
Colonel George Washington went again. He wore the buff-and-blue uniform of a colonel of Virginia troops.

There had been fighting around Boston. The men in the Congress knew that that meant war. They elected Colonel George Washington of Virginia the leader of all the soldiers of the United Colonies!

He went to Boston to take charge of the soldiers there.

The Leader of Our Armies in War





5

WHEN Colonel George Washington told his wife good-bye, and rode off to the Second Continental Congress in Philadelphia, he thought,

"Of course I shall be home again in just a few weeks!"

And then he was sent to Boston!

When General George Washington went to Boston to be the Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army, he thought,

"Of course I shall be able to go home in two or three months!"

He did not see Mount Vernon again for six years! Eight years and eight months passed before he went back there to live.

Mrs. Martha Washington felt very bad when her husband wrote her that he could not come home. Her daughter Patsy had died. Her son Jack had married and moved to another plantation. And now her husband would be away, too!

But Mrs. Martha Washington was very brave. She loved her country. She was glad she had a husband who could do so much to help.

General Washington wrote her that he was so sorry

he had to leave her—because he knew how very lonely she would be.

He wrote to Jack Custis, who had moved to a plantation not far away called Abingdon, and told him he must go to see his mother often, and take his wife to see her. He wrote to Mrs. Washington's other relatives and friends and asked them to go to Mount Vernon often to cheer her.

He asked his cousin, Mr. Lund Washington, to stay at Mount Vernon and manage everything about the place just as he would if he were there.

Mrs. Washington worked harder than ever. There was so much more spinning and weaving and sewing and other work which she must have her colored women do!

General George Washington was not happy when the Congress made him the leader of the Army. He made a speech in which he said he was afraid he did not know enough about fighting—but of course he would do the very best he could!

The men in Congress were not at all worried! They knew that no one in all the Thirteen Colonies knew more about fighting than General George Washington!

He had fought the French and the Indians.

He had seen General Braddock's fine soldiers in red coats shot down by poorly dressed men who hid behind trees.

He had trained farmers and hunters and workingmen to be good soldiers.

He knew how to lead men. He knew how to make his soldiers like him.

General George Washington also told the Congress he did not want to be paid any money for being the leader. He just wanted his expenses paid. He had always loved his country. He was glad to be able to do anything for it that he could do.

General George Washington took command of his army under the shade of a great elm tree near Boston.

His soldiers thought he looked very brave and just and sensible—and handsome! He was tall and strong-looking. He was gentlemanly and dignified. His skin was pale. His eyes were wide apart, under heavy brows. They were a clear, blue-gray color. They looked straight at everyone. They seemed to see things which other men could not see.

General George Washington wore a very smart uniform. It was made of fine cloth. It fitted him well. The coat was blue trimmed with buff. The waistcoat and breeches were buff. The buttons shone like gold. He wore white stockings.

The men in General Washington's new army did not wear good clothes. Some of them had fought in the French and Indian wars. They wore their old, faded uniforms. Others were farmers, fishermen, sailors, shopkeepers and workingmen of all kinds—who had left their homes very quickly to fight.

Most of them just wore long hunting shirts or smock frocks of coarse, grayish-white homespun cloth, belted at

the waist, hanging loose over trousers of the same cloth. The shirts were so loose above the waist that they carried iron frying pans, coffee pots, loaves of bread, salt pork and dried deer meat in them! They did not look very nice!

General Washington found his new army living in tents which were just as queer as their clothes!

Some of the tents were made of sailcloth stretched over poles. Some were made of piled-up stones, with the cracks stuffed with dried grass. Others were made of boughs of trees twisted together!

The soldiers had brought their own guns and swords and pistols and powder horns and bullet pouches—so they had many different kinds. Some had rifles which were more than seven feet long, which they had used to shoot ducks!

Many of the soldiers had ridden to Boston on their old farm and cart horses—"some with long tails, some with bob tails, some with no tails at all!"

There were about fifteen officers with the Continental or Patriot Army, too.

One, named Daniel Morgan, was almost as big and strong as a giant! Once when he was fighting Indians a bullet went through his neck! He held with his arms to his horse's neck and used his spurs to make the horse run through the woods so quickly that the Indians could not catch him and get his scalp!

His men were called sharpshooters. Each of them,

while marching very fast, could shoot and kill a squirrel one hundred yards away.

General Israel Putnam had shot a great many wolves.

General Nathaniel Greene was the best officer General Washington had. He had been a blacksmith. But he had liked to read and bought many good books and became a very wise and great man.

Another reason why the Congress had wanted General George Washington to be the leader of the army at Boston was that he was from Virginia—a Colony which was far away. They thought that would help to make the people feel that the Thirteen Colonies had become one country.

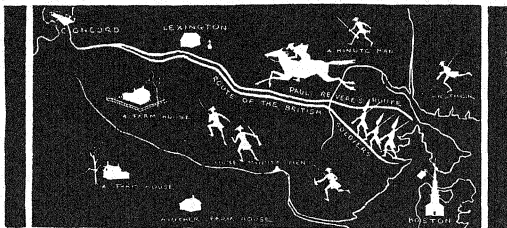
General Washington told his officers and soldiers, who had come from different Colonies, that they were now the soldiers of the United Colonies—and that they were all going to fight King George's soldiers until the King promised that he would treat them fairly—and not try to make them obey any more unjust laws.

They were going to fight so that all the people in all the Thirteen Colonies could feel safe and happy.

II

Now we must go back for a time and learn how General Washington's new army happened to be there at all.

When King George III ordered the Port of Boston



They sent a brave man named Paul Revere to warn Adams and Hancock.

closed, he told General Gage to stay in the city with his soldiers so that the people would be afraid.

Then he told him to be sure to make prisoners of two men named Samuel Adams and John Hancock, because they were the ones who had stirred up most of the trouble.

One day General Gage heard that Adams and Hancock were stopping at the home of a friend in a little town near Boston called Lexington.

After it was dark, he ordered eight hundred of his soldiers to march to Lexington and make prisoners of the two men. The people of Boston guessed where the King's soldiers were going! They sent a brave man named Paul Revere to warn Adams and Hancock.

The people in that part of the country had been training soldiers to fight. Some of the soldiers were called

"minutemen" because they had to be ready to leave their homes the minute they were called.

Paul Revere dashed through the towns and villages and past the farms on horseback—and shouted to the people that the King's soldiers were coming. A lantern in a church tower in Boston showed him over what roads they were marching.

The minutemen took down their guns and powder horns and cartridge belts from pegs on the walls. They saddled their horses. They dashed after Paul Revere.

Paul Revere reached Lexington first! Samuel Adams and John Hancock got away!

When the King's soldiers arrived, they found fifty minutemen waiting for them! The leader of the King's soldiers shouted,

"Disperse, ye rebels!"

They did not go! He told his soldiers to shoot.

Eight minutemen were killed. Ten were hurt. The others went away—because there were so few of them—and so many of the King's soldiers.

And that was the battle of Lexington—the first battle of the Revolutionary War—the war which took our country away from England and made it free!

The King's soldiers marched on to another little town called Concord, because General Gage had heard that the Colonists were storing guns and gunpowder there.

The soldiers did not find the guns and gunpowder—

because the people hid them when they heard they were coming.

But they burned the courthouse—and broke open some barrels of flour—and were looking for more mischief when they saw four hundred minutemen coming towards the Concord Bridge!

The minutemen rushed up and fought very hard! They drove the King's soldiers off the bridge.

More minutemen came to Concord. The King's soldiers were very tired. They had marched all night. They had not had a thing to eat! So about noon they decided to go back to Boston.

They had a very hard time getting back! All along the road, on both sides, minutemen came up and hid behind trees and little hills. They shot at the King's tired soldiers. They killed many of them. They left many others lying hurt and bleeding on the ground.

More soldiers came out from Boston. They stood in a square around their tired comrades so that they could lie down on the ground and rest. Their tongues hung out of their mouths—like the tongues of dogs that have been running after rabbits or foxes!

The King's soldiers wondered if minutemen were dropping from the clouds! Before they reached Boston they were so frightened that they began to run. They went running into the city!

The minutemen did not go back to their homes. They camped on the hills and in the fields around Boston.

They were very angry. They meant to drive General Gage and his soldiers out of Boston—to make them go back to England in their ships.

In just a few days sixteen thousand minutemen had come—from Massachusetts and New Hampshire and Connecticut and other Colonies which were near. Those who had been soldiers in the French and Indian wars knew how to shoot and fight as well as the King's soldiers.

And that was the army General George Washington found when he came to Boston.

But you must hear about just one more battle they fought before he came.

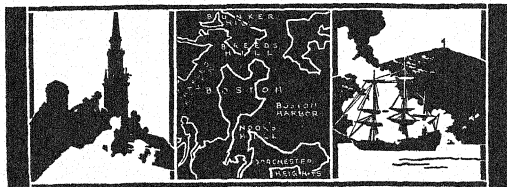
They decided to dig trenches (ditches), on two hills near the city called Breed's Hill and Bunker Hill, so they could hide in them, and behind the piles of earth which they dug out of them, and shoot down on the King's soldiers in Boston!

One dark night they did that. The next morning soldiers on the King's ships in the harbor saw them and began to shoot.

All the people in Boston came to their windows or went on their housetops to see what was going on.

They saw the King's soldiers march up Bunker Hill! They saw the minutemen shoot and kill so many of them that the others ran down.

The King's soldiers bravely marched up two more times!



All the people went on their housetops.

The minutemen shot at them until their powder was gone!

Then they had to go away—and let the King's soldiers have Bunker Hill!

III

King George III sent General Howe to take General Gage's place in Boston. That was a very good thing for General Washington and the Patriot Army and the Thirteen Colonies.

There were some people in England called Tories and some other people called Whigs—just as we call people Republicans and Democrats.

During the Revolutionary War the Tories were friends of King George III and the Whigs were friends of the Colonists. The Whigs thought King George had treated the Colonists very badly indeed.

General Howe was a Whig—and so were many of his friends in England. They really liked the Colonists.

They really hoped that they would win the war so that they would not have to obey any more unjust laws.

General Howe spent the first winter of the war in Boston. He had his soldiers shoot off their big guns or cannon nearly every day—but they did not do much harm—and he did not make them leave the city to fight the Patriot soldiers on the hills.

That was very nice for General Washington because he was having a hard time!

His soldiers did not have enough guns or enough gunpowder to go around and he did not know where to get more.

His biggest trouble was that most of his soldiers had promised to fight just for three months. As soon as he had them trained so they could really fight well, their time was up and they wanted to go home—and they did not want to come back!

So he had to try to find new soldiers all the time and train them.

General Washington lived that winter in a beautiful house near Boston called Craigie House. It was later the home of the poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

About Christmas time he sent for Mrs. Martha Washington to join him there. She came in her fine coach drawn by four horses. Her son, Jack Custis, and his young wife came with her.

The people in all the towns and cities along the way were very nice to Mrs. Washington. They called her

Lady Washington. They invited her to dinners and parties. When she came near Boston, Patriot soldiers met her and took her safely to her husband.

Lady Washington made a cheerful home for her husband. She gave many dinners and teas for his officers and their wives and friends. The ladies knitted warm socks for the soldiers, too.

Sometimes General Washington became very angry. When some soldiers from Virginia came to the camp near Boston, soldiers from Massachusetts laughed at the clothes they wore. That started a fight—first with snowballs, then with fists.

General Washington leaped a fence on horseback, seized two big men by their throats, held them at arm's length and shook them. He told them they were all soldiers of one country—all fighting for the same things—and that he did not want to hear of any more quarreling among them!

General Washington did not have enough money to pay his soldiers—or to buy clothes for them to wear—or food for them to eat.

But he was very brave about it all and just kept on trying as hard as he could. He felt sure things would come out all right some day.

All winter General Washington had men dragging cannon over the snow on sledges from towns and Colonies which were near. He got cannon balls and powder and shot, too.

One night in March he decided that he was ready to fight General Howe and make him get out of Boston. So he ordered all his cannon fired!

While all the big guns were making so much noise that nothing else could be heard, he had soldiers march to some hills called Dorchester Heights and Nook's Hill, on the other side of Boston from Bunker Hill.

They took wagons, cannon and bales of hay with them. The earth was frozen so hard that they could not dig trenches on the hills. So they just piled up the bales of hay to hide behind and fight.

When General Howe woke up the next morning he looked out his window and saw all those trenches and soldiers on the hills! He was so surprised!

What do you suppose he did? Fight? Not at all! He just ordered all his soldiers to go on their ships. And a few days later they all sailed away! So General Washington and his army marched into Boston!

General Howe did something else which was very queer. He could not take all his cannon and other war supplies with him. He did not destroy them! He just left over two hundred cannon, many tons of powder and shot, many thousands of guns—and all sorts of other things which the Patriot army could seize and use!

Of course that made General Washington very, very happy! He captured some ships, too, which were bringing more guns and things to General Howe.

IV

Everyone thought that General Howe would take his army to New York and try to capture that city. But he did nothing of the sort! He sailed far off to a city in Canada and stayed there about three months.

General Washington decided to go to New York anyway, for he felt sure King George III would tell General Howe to go there.

He tried hard to train his men to be good soldiers before he left. But so many of them still wanted to go home! They wanted to see their wives and children. They wanted to cut the hay. And they just would take gunpowder—which the army needed so much—to shoot squirrels with! And they never brought any back!

Many people in the Thirteen Colonies were true to King George III. They were called Tories, just as the King's friends in England were. They were also called Loyalists—because all during the war they took the King's part.

Many other people wanted to be true to King George—if he would only treat the Colonists better and let them make their own laws. They hoped that he would change and that the Colonies could still belong to England.

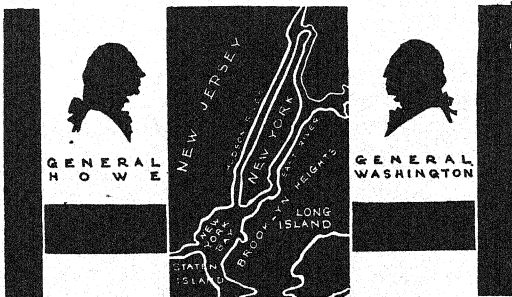
At last they saw that King George III would never change, that he would always be unfair to them. So, after General Washington made General Howe leave Boston, they decided that the time had come to say that the

Thirteen Colonies should not belong to England any more! They must be free! That was called the Declaration of Independence.

General Washington was very glad to hear about the Declaration of Independence because he thought it would help him to have a better army.

He thought when the Thirteen Colonies decided to be free, they would feel more like one country and would let Congress have more power to raise soldiers for a longer time and the money to pay them, and to buy the food and clothes and things they needed.

He was so tired of not knowing just where men and money and clothes and food were coming from—or if they were coming at all!



Do you know what the city of New York looks like?

To be sure, the farmers around Boston had been very nice to his army. All year they had sent many wagons of food for the soldiers to eat and clothes for them to wear. But General Washington wanted things done in a more businesslike way.

Do you know what the city of New York looks like? A long, narrow island called Manhattan, with a bay, or part of the ocean, at one end and big rivers on both sides.

When General Washington took his army there, do you see how easy it would have been for the King's many ships to sail up the two rivers, shoot off their big guns, and drive his little army away?

But, as usual, General Howe did not do just what everyone would expect him to! He had his soldiers land on a big island across the bay called Staten Island.

General Howe's brother, Lord Howe, who was a leader of the King's Navy, came to help him with many more ships.

Lord Howe brought twelve thousand soldiers who were not English at all, with him. They came from a part of Germany called Hesse. They were called Hessians. They were very fierce-looking. King George had paid money to get them to fight the Colonists! He had to do it because he could not get enough English soldiers who wanted to fight people who were English like themselves!

Instead of fighting, General Howe thought he would like to talk with General Washington, and see if he

could have him send his soldiers home and stop the war, and have the Thirteen Colonies belong to England again—just as they did before all the trouble started.

So he wrote General Washington a letter. And how do you suppose he wrote his name on the outside? Not "General" Washington at all—but George Washington, Esq. (Esquire means something like Mister!)

General Washington did not even open the letter! He said it was addressed to a gentleman of Virginia and he would have it delivered after the war!

General Howe tried two or three more times to talk with General Washington and try to get him to stop the war.

But nothing came of it—so he decided to fight a little. Maybe General Washington would be glad to talk then!

General Washington had soldiers in forts at many places on Manhattan Island. Then he sent General Putnam with eight thousand men across the East River to some hills on Long Island called Brooklyn Heights. He knew that he could not hold New York if the English should capture those hills.

For a wonder, those were the very hills General Howe decided to capture! He landed on Long Island with twice as many men as General Putnam had.

The Patriots came down from their hills to meet the English. They fought for several hours. Many were killed on both sides. The Patriots were driven back to their hills.

But General Howe did not follow them. He just waited!

General Washington came with more soldiers. One dark night he sent all his men back across the river in boats. He himself went back in the last boat.

General Washington knew that General Howe would soon bring his army across the river. So he had most of his soldiers march to the upper part of Manhattan Island.

Two weeks later General Howe came. General Washington went down to meet him. He wanted to try to keep his army from getting off their boats.

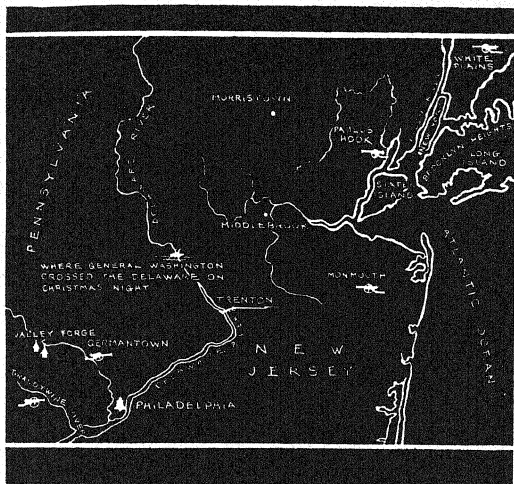
And what do you suppose General Washington's soldiers did when they saw the boats coming? They turned and ran in all directions just as fast as they could!

General Washington was furious. He drew his sword and said if they did not go back he would run them through! He cocked his pistol. But they kept on running!

So General Washington, who had never been afraid in his life, dashed back to fight the English alone! An officer had to dash after him, seize his horse's bridle, and lead him out of danger!

V

General Washington knew that General Howe had thirty-four thousand soldiers, while he had less than four thousand. He knew that he could not fight a big battle



The war in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and New York.

with him and win, so he decided that the best way for him to spend the winter was just to keep out of General Howe's way—until his army grew larger and stronger.

He went to a town called White Plains. General Howe followed him there and they fought a little, but not much.

General Washington then marched down through the Colony of New Jersey towards Philadelphia. He thought that General Howe would want to capture that city next.

But General Howe was very happy to spend the rest of the winter in New York! He liked to dance and play cards and go to parties and have a good time!

When there is a war people like to have their armies win battles. General Washington's army had won no big battles, so the people in the Thirteen Colonies began to grumble. They thought they would surely lose the war. They thought maybe General Washington did not know as much about fighting as they had believed!

That was very unfair! General Washington really had no army at all—just a few thousand ragged men who, in the cold winter, were still wearing their summer clothes and shoes with big holes in them—and who did not always have enough to eat.

Then General Washington did a very wonderful thing! His army had crossed the Delaware River into Pennsylvania—because General Howe had sent soldiers to follow him and to stay and hold several New Jersey towns.

On Christmas night he led two thousand five hundred men back across the Delaware River to attack the town of Trenton! They went in small boats. The river was filled with big cakes of floating ice! And not a man was lost!

Then they had to march nine miles—in a terrible

storm of sleet and snow. The frozen roads cut their feet so that they left bloody tracks in the snow.

Colonel Rahl had been left in Trenton, in command of fifteen hundred Hessian soldiers. They had spent all of Christmas Day drinking and having a good time!

So it was easy for General Washington's army to surprise them, kill Colonel Rahl, make prisoners of the Hessians, and send them to Philadelphia.

After that General Washington captured another town in New Jersey. People who had said unkind things about him were ashamed of themselves!

General Washington marched back through New Jersey. He left soldiers in several towns, just as General Howe had done before. When he came to Morristown, which was not far from New York, he decided to spend the rest of the winter there.

He caught a cold and was very ill. When Lady Washington heard of it, she hastened from Mount Vernon to take care of him. When she reached Morristown, he was all right again.

He asked her how his favorite horses at Mount Vernon were—how the servants were getting along—and just how much had been done to his house.

Before he left, he had planned to have a big banquet hall built at one end, a big library at the other end, new bedrooms over them, and a fine new porch all along the side of the house which faced the river.

All the soldiers were glad to have Lady Washington

come! They knew she would be good to them if they were ill. She would take them good things to eat and warm clothes to wear.

The officers and their wives were so glad to see her because they knew she would give pleasant dinners and dances and teas. She liked to ride horseback, too, so there would be gay riding parties.

Lady Washington wore very plain clothes that winter. One day some Morristown ladies put on their very best dresses to go and call on her. They found her wearing a specked (check) apron—and very busy indeed with her knitting!

There were young people in the camp that winter, to make life gayer. Colonel Alexander Hamilton, a very handsome and gifted young man, was General Washington's new secretary. He helped him write many letters to Congress—to tell them what would have to be done before they could ever have a good army—or before the Thirteen Colonies could ever become a strong and united nation.

The Marquis de Lafayette came from France to help the Colonists fight for freedom. He was only nineteen years old. He was very charming.

Some of the people in France hated the English because they had won the French and Indian wars and driven them from America. Many of them wanted King Louis to send soldiers to help drive the English out.

King Louis was not ready to do that. He wanted to

wait until he was more certain that the Colonists would win!

The Marquis de Lafayette did not come because he hated the English. He came because he believed in freedom and happiness for everyone—and he had heard that George Washington was fighting to make all the people in the Colonies free and happy. He was so eager to help that he loaded a ship with guns and other supplies which he bought with his own money, and came to Morristown. Eleven other young officers came with him.

Young Lafayette became one of the very best generals in the Patriot Army. General Washington loved him as much as if he were his own son!

VI

Summer came—and General Howe, who was still in New York, began to think that he ought to do something or other. But it looked as if he could not decide just what!

King George III wanted him to send part of his army to help General Burgoyne, who was coming down from Canada to try to capture the middle of the colony of New York.

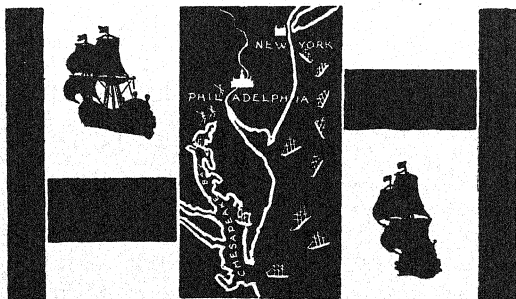
General Howe did nothing of the kind! He left General Clinton in New York City with six thousand men. Then he ordered eighteen thousand men to get on his ships—he had two hundred and fifty of them—

and he kept them sailing up and down the seacoast for several weeks!

Finally he landed at the head of Chesapeake Bay and started to march to Philadelphia, which was fifty miles away. He had traveled more than one thousand miles to reach a city which was only one hundred miles from the city he had left!

When General Washington heard that General Howe was marching towards Philadelphia, he hurried with his army to meet him. He had only eleven thousand men—but he felt that he ought to try to keep General Howe out of the city in which Congress met.

To cheer the people, he had his soldiers march through



Lord Howe had traveled more than a thousand miles to reach a city one hundred miles away.

the streets of Philadelphia on the way. Most of them were ragged and barefooted. But drums and fifes played cheery marching tunes—each man wore a sprig of green leaves in his hat—and the people thought they all looked very brave.

When General Washington reached the Brandywine River, he saw General Howe's army on the other side. They fought a big battle. General Howe had so many more men that General Washington was forced back. General Howe did not follow him.

General Washington led his soldiers towards Philadelphia. One thousand of his men had been killed. Hundreds were wounded. But General Howe had lost more men than that.

A bullet had gone through the Marquis de Lafayette's leg. He had to be left in a hospital while General Washington went on with his army to Germantown. Another time when Lafayette was ill, the General rode eight miles on horseback every day to see how his friend was getting along.

General Howe did not want to fight any more. He just wanted to go to Philadelphia. His soldiers had made a camp near the Brandywine River. They were resting, and cooking, and washing their clothes.

General Howe started to march to Philadelphia. General Washington marched with him on the other side of a river and tried to keep him from crossing. General

Howe marched back a little—and crossed before General Washington knew about it!

When Congress heard that General Howe was coming, it left and went to the town of York.

Part of General Howe's army marched into the city. Bands played. The Hessian soldiers turned the ends of their moustaches up. They scowled in a most terrible way to frighten the people!

General Howe himself fought another battle with General Washington. It was the Battle of Germantown. General Washington lost about a thousand men—and had to go back.

General Howe and his officers had a wonderful time in Philadelphia all winter. They ate and drank and danced a great deal, went to see plays and cockfights, listened to music, wrote poetry, and played cards and billiards and cricket!

There were some Patriot soldiers in Philadelphia prisons who did not have a good time. They had to eat rats!

VII

Poor General Washington and his little army spent a most terrible winter at a place near Philadelphia called Valley Forge. It was just a bleak hillside, with a few houses.

There was a little stone house for General Washington.



General Washington and his army at Valley Forge.

But the soldiers had to build themselves rough huts of logs.

The days and nights were bitterly cold. Winds howled through the cracks in the log walls. Snows drifted through.

Thousands of men were really and truly barefooted and naked! Some had half a shirt. Others pinned parts of blankets about their waists.

There were no blankets to sleep under. They kept fires of wood burning in the huts all night, and shivered and nodded over them. Very many became ill.

They did not have enough to eat. Sometimes it looked as if the whole army would starve to death. Then they would capture wagons of food which were going to General Howe.

General Washington began to look much older. There were lines of worry about his eyes and mouth. When his soldiers were cold and hungry, he was often cold and hungry, too.

General Howe knew how General Washington's poor soldiers were suffering. Hundreds of them had left Valley Forge—gone to Philadelphia—and said that they would be glad to fight for General Howe if he would only give them food to eat and warm clothes to wear!

General Howe hoped the entire army would soon melt away—and go home. He hoped the patriots would decide to give up the war—and let the Thirteen Colonies belong to England again.

Then he could go back to England and all the people would think he was a great hero!

Many people in the Thirteen Colonies were thinking that they might just as well give up the war. They were sure their little army could never win!

But General Washington never had the smallest thought of giving up! To be sure, everything was against him. Men who could have sent food and clothes to Valley Forge did not do so just to make things harder for him.

Some men in Congress wanted General Gates, who

had won a great battle at Saratoga, New York, to be the leader. General Gates had captured the entire army of General Burgoyne—the man to whom General Howe had not sent help.

Many people were growing jealous of General Washington because his army—and a great many other people—had begun to love him so much.

His soldiers loved him because they knew that he loved them. He felt bad because they were suffering from cold and hunger. Sometimes he played games with them to cheer them. No one else in all the Thirteen Colonies could have held the Patriot Army together that terrible winter!

After Christmas, Lady Washington came to stay at Valley Forge. Some other ladies were there, wives of the officers.

They wore very plain clothes. They knitted a great many socks. They mended and patched for the soldiers. They cut out and sewed shirts when they had any cloth. They went to see the soldiers who were sick. They felt so sorry for them that they tried to help all they could.

Lady Washington invited the officers and their wives and friends to dinners and teas, too, when there was enough to eat! They danced and rode horseback, also, because that made everything seem more cheerful.

Baron von Steuben, a German nobleman, came to train the army to march and fight better. He swore at the soldiers in three languages because they were so awk-

ward. But in three months he had taught them more than they had learned in three years before. General Washington was well pleased.

VIII

When King Louis of France heard that General Gates had captured General Burgoyne and his entire army, he felt that the Colonies might win the war after all! He decided to help them.

General Washington was so happy when he heard that King Louis was going to send soldiers and money and ships. He knew that he would be able to win the war with all that help.

He was so glad that his little army had stayed with him at Valley Forge! Had he not told them many times that, if they would only be brave and patient a little longer, everything would turn out all right?

He was sure King George's armies would soon be driven out of America. He was sure the Thirteen Colonies would grow into the great nation of which he had dreamed. He was sure his country would one day be one of the happiest and richest and strongest in all the world!

King George and the people in England who did not like the Colonists were very angry because General Howe had not sent help to General Burgoyne.

General Howe said that he would just go back to

England—and let another general fight the old war—and see if he could do any better!

Before he went, some of his officers gave one of the biggest and most expensive and most beautiful celebrations the city of Philadelphia has ever seen. They gave it in honor of the ladies of Philadelphia, who had been so very nice to them.

It began on the river. Boats of many kinds, gaily decorated, filled with beautifully dressed ladies and officers in handsome uniforms, and music from many bands, went in a procession down the river to a beautiful country home. Cannon on warships thundered salutes as they passed.

There was a dazzling tournament, with knights dressed in white and red silk, who rode horses and carried gay banners of gold and scarlet and blue. You have read about the tournaments in which King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table took part, have you not? How men dressed in fine silks and velvets rode on horses as richly decked as they were—and thrust long lances at one another, in a sort of mimic war? How beautiful ladies watched them?

There was a wonderful ball, in a ballroom so large that eighty-five great mirrors, decorated with rose pink silk, ribbons and many flowers, were in it. The walls were covered with pale blue and rose pink silk, gold trimmings and garlands of flowers.

There was a beautiful supper room, with fifty-six great

mirrors, hundreds of burning candles, and many decorations which were costly and lovely. There were wonderful fireworks. There was dancing and eating and card-playing until morning.

Then General Howe sailed back with part of his ships to England, and General Clinton took his place.

IX

The same day that General Howe sailed for England, General Clinton started to have his soldiers march from Philadelphia to New York.

General Clinton had only ten thousand men. King George III had told General Howe to bring his other soldiers back with him, so they could help him fight the French in other parts of the world. He felt that he could keep only one-third as many in the Colonies as he had before.

General Clinton's army crossed the Delaware River safely and started to march through the New Jersey sand. It was very hot. They had so much baggage—bathtubs and many suits of fine clothes for the officers, balls and clubs and rackets for them to play games with!

The poor soldiers had on such heavy clothes that many of them just lay down by springs and rivers and died of heat!

When General Washington heard what General Clinton was doing, he left Valley Forge with his army,

crossed the Delaware and hurried after him. He had eleven thousand men.

The two armies met at the town of Monmouth. General Washington decided to fight a battle. He told General Charles Lee, who for many years had been an officer in King George's Army, to lead the attack.

General Lee started off to do as he was told. His soldiers were fighting very well, when he suddenly ordered them to turn around and go back!

General Clinton's soldiers quickly followed! They fought hard—and were killing many of the Patriots, when General Washington rushed up.

He ordered General Lee's men to turn back and fight as they should. They did! They drove the English back.

General Washington was very angry. He swore at General Lee "till the leaves shook on the trees."

General Clinton's army marched on to the sea. Lord Howe, who had left Philadelphia with some ships the same day his brother and General Clinton left, took them back to New York by sea.

General Washington decided that the best thing for him to do was to capture and hold the hills along the Hudson River, above the city of New York. Then he could keep an eye on General Clinton—and find out just what he was going to do.

X

General Clinton had no idea of being the kind of leader General Howe had been! King George III and his Tory friends were very angry because the Colonists had asked their old enemies, the French, to help them. And because they would not stop fighting and belong to England again.

They told General Clinton they wanted his soldiers to fight just as hard—and be just as cruel—as they possibly could!

A fleet of French ships came sailing over the seas to help the Colonists! They carried four thousand French soldiers—the first that King Louis had sent. Count d'Estaing was the leader.

General Washington was deeply pleased. His army and all the people were happy.

Count d'Estaing wanted to attack General Clinton in New York. But some of his ships went down so far in the water that they could not go over a sand bar in the bay. So he sailed along the coast to Newport, in Rhode Island.

The English held Newport. The French and Americans decided to fight a battle and capture the city. Lord Howe hurried there from New York with his ships.

A terrible storm came up. The French and English ships were scattered far and wide over the seas! Count d'Estaing took his to Boston for repairs.

General Washington and his army were at White Plains again—and the General had many things to worry about—sickness among the soldiers, desertions to the enemy, lack of food and clothes and money.

Worst of all, the length of time for which about five thousand of his soldiers had promised to fight was about up, and they wanted to go home and not come back! After Baron von Steuben had trained them to fight so well, too!

General Washington wrote many letters to Congress and the Colonies.

He heard that Count d'Estaing, instead of staying to help him, had sailed off with his ships to try to capture the West Indies, islands off the coast of Florida! He knew that General Clinton had sent five thousand men to keep the Count from capturing the islands.

General Washington's army went into winter quarters at Middlebrook. It was the fourth winter of the war.

After Christmas, the Marquis de Lafayette sailed off to France to tell King Louis that he just simply must send a big army to help General Washington!

General Washington went to Philadelphia. The Congress wanted to talk with him—to see if something could not be done to win the war more quickly!

Lady Washington met her husband in Philadelphia. They were invited to many parties.

General Washington was very angry because the people in Philadelphia were spending so much money just

to have good times! And because so many men wanted to do nothing but make money. He thought they ought to help the soldiers, who needed so many things.

He was afraid they thought they did not need to help because the French were helping. And the French had done so little!

He was afraid no one in all the Thirteen Colonies knew, as he did, just how bad things really were.

XI

General Clinton had decided to worry the Colonists in many different parts of the country just as much as he could! He thought that if he sent his armies here and there to fight and kill the people and burn their homes and crops, they would soon not be able to send help to General Washington's army and the war would have to end.

He had Indians help his soldiers attack Colonists who lived where there was no army to protect them. The Indians were very cruel. They threw their prisoners in fires and held them down with pitchforks! They made men with no clothes on run back and forth through flames until they fell down and died!

English ships raided the coasts of New England and New Jersey, killed the people and burned their homes.

The Colonists were very much frightened. They began to lose hope again.

General Washington did what he could—but that was not much.

He sent General Wayne to capture a big hill on the Hudson River called Stony Point—but General Clinton got it back again!

He sent a brave young general from Virginia called Light-Horse Harry Lee (a cousin of the Dickie Lee who had played war games with him when they were boys) to capture a place across from New York City called Paulus Hook. But General Lee and his men had to leave because so many English were coming to fight them!

He had sent General Lincoln to South Carolina, because General Clinton had sent some generals and armies down to capture cities there and in North Carolina and Georgia and Virginia. But General Lincoln was having a pretty hard time! General Clinton had decided that he was going to conquer the South, so the Patriots had to fight many battles there.

Another winter came. General Washington took his army to Morristown, where they had been two years before. Lady Washington came again. She had eighteen servants to keep house for her.

General and Lady Washington gave pleasant dinner parties. They sat side by side. Colonel Alexander Hamilton carved. Sometimes food was quite scarce, but they all made the best of their hardships and did not complain. They tried to be as cheerful as possible—because that made the soldiers feel more cheerful. They

danced—rode horseback and visited, to keep up their spirits. And of course the ladies did much knitting.

There were charming young ladies who liked to dance with the officers. Miss Betsy Schuyler was there. Colonel Alexander Hamilton fell in love with her. He thought her eyes were so beautiful!

The Marquis de Lafayette had come back from France. King Louis had promised to send General Washington the strong army for which he had asked.

General Washington still worried about his army—how to make it bigger and stronger, how to feed and clothe and pay the men, how to keep them from wanting to go home!

General Washington had sent General Gates to the South, because the English were doing a great deal of harm there! They had shot men who were not soldiers on the streets! They had shot other men in their own homes, while their wives and children looked on! They had burned houses and crops. They had killed cattle and horses and dogs.

One thousand slaves died because everything to eat had been burned! Women and children who had lived in fine homes had to sit shivering over fires in the woods.

General Clinton himself went down to South Carolina and captured the City of Charleston. Then he went back to New York and left General Cornwallis in charge of all the towns and cities his armies had captured in South and North Carolina, Georgia and Virginia.

General Gates fought a big battle with General Cornwallis at Camden, in South Carolina. General Cornwallis won.

XII

A few weeks later, a most terrible thing happened! General Benedict Arnold, one of General Washington's very best officers, turned out to be a traitor.

He was in charge of Patriot soldiers at West Point, not far above New York. He wrote letters to General Clinton and told him he wanted the English to capture West Point, because he was really a good friend of King George III and did not want him to lose his colonies as he certainly would if the Patriots won the war!

General Clinton sent Major André, a very charming young French officer in his army, to talk with General Arnold. Benedict Arnold gave Major André some papers to take back to General Clinton.

On the way back, Major André was captured. The patriots found the papers on him and knew he was a spy!

Benedict Arnold heard about it—and ran away—and fought in General Clinton's army! Poor Major André was hanged!

It was the very worst time in the whole war! The Colonists were sure their armies could never win! The French officers who were helping General Washington were sure that the war was lost!

People said that the paper money Congress used to pay the army was not good money. It was no wonder they thought so, for it took one hundred and fifty dollars of it to buy a bushel of corn, and two thousand dollars to buy a suit of clothes!

General Washington was feeling very distressed about everything, too. So many of his soldiers had gone to fight for General Clinton that he almost had no army left.

But General Washington never lost hope!

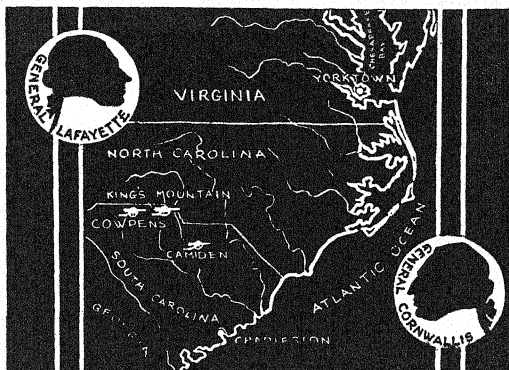
He knew that good luck could come as well as bad! He still thought that everything would turn out all right—if the Patriots would just be patient and brave a little longer!

For one thing, King Louis really had sent six thousand French soldiers, under Count Rochambeau, to help. They were at Newport. To be sure, they could not leave just then, because General Clinton had gone with many ships to keep them from leaving. But, at any rate, they were there!

And then—General Cornwallis began to do such foolish things!

General Clinton's armies had conquered many towns and cities—all the way from Georgia, through the Carolinas, to Virginia.

All General Cornwallis needed to do was to keep his soldiers in those places so that the Patriots could not capture them again.



The war in the South.

And that was exactly what General Clinton had told him to do. General Clinton knew very well that the Patriot armies were so weakened and discouraged, and the people in the Thirteen Colonies so powerless to help them, that they could not possibly keep on fighting very much longer! He knew they would soon have to give up the war!

But General Cornwallis had won a very great victory over General Gates at Camden, and smaller victories in other places. People everywhere were talking about what a wonderful general he was.

So General Cornwallis began to think that he knew more about how to win wars than General Clinton did! He decided that he would just carry out some of his own good ideas for a while—and see what would happen!

There were several Patriot armies in the Southern Colonies—under Generals Greene, Morgan, Huger, De-Kalb, Marion, Sumter, Light-Horse Harry Lee and others.

General Cornwallis began to play a sort of game of chess with them all! Instead of staying where he had been told to stay, he tried to chase the Patriot armies round and round!

And that turned out to be a very sad thing indeed for General Cornwallis—and King George III—and the proud British Empire!

The Patriot generals turned out to be better chess players than General Cornwallis! They knew how to tempt one part of his army to go to a place called King's Mountain, where they could easily defeat it.

They knew how to draw another part to a place called Cowpens—and defeat it.

Most astonishing of all, General Greene (the general who had been a blacksmith) lured General Cornwallis himself, with the biggest part of his army, far up into North Carolina, where he was always in danger and could not get help.

General Clinton was outraged. He saw exactly what

was going to happen. But there was nothing he could do about it!

At last General Cornwallis did the most foolish thing of all. He took his army to Virginia—and began to chase a Patriot army under General Lafayette round and round!

General Lafayette was only twenty-three years old! But he was pretty smart! He never let General Cornwallis catch up with him and they never fought a battle. Something must have told General Lafayette that it would be better to wait.

Finally General Cornwallis grew tired of running all over the Colony of Virginia after an army he could not catch up with! He took his five thousand men and went to Yorktown on the York River, not far from Chesapeake Bay.

General Cornwallis had chosen a place which had water on three sides of it. And on the fourth side there was only a narrow neck of land.

He had really and truly shut himself up in a trap!

General Washington was so astonished when he heard about it! He had thought that just anybody would know better than to do a thing like that.

As for General Clinton—well!!! It was all just too much for him!

He had sent so many of his soldiers and ships to try to help General Cornwallis that he could not keep ships at Newport any more.

Count Rochambeau was free to leave. At last he could join General Washington and help him fight.

General Clinton did not have a very strong army in New York, either. Everyone began to think that it was a good chance for General Washington and Count Rochambeau to go there and drive him out.

It looked as if General Washington thought the same thing. He left West Point with two thousand of his soldiers. Count Rochambeau joined him with four thousand French soldiers, and they started to march down through New Jersey.

Where were they going? To New York? Everyone thought so—but everyone did not know what a truly great leader General Washington could be.

It was the first chance General George Washington had had in the whole war to show what he could do.

But at last he had plenty of soldiers. And there was another French fleet of about thirty ships, which carried three thousand more soldiers, in the West Indies. The leader was Count de Grasse. General Washington had written to him and told him of a wonderful plan he had, had made him promise to help him, and not to tell! The only other person he had told about his plan was Count Rochambeau!

So, instead of going to attack General Clinton in New York, the Patriot and French Armies hurried down through New Jersey—crossed the Delaware River—and not until they were almost in Philadelphia did the

country, or the soldiers themselves, learn that they were hurrying down to Virginia to shut General Cornwallis up more tightly in his trap.

They marched down to Chesapeake Bay. They got on ships. But let us cross the Bay and hurry ahead on horseback, with General Washington and Billy Lee, his body-servant of fox-hunting days.

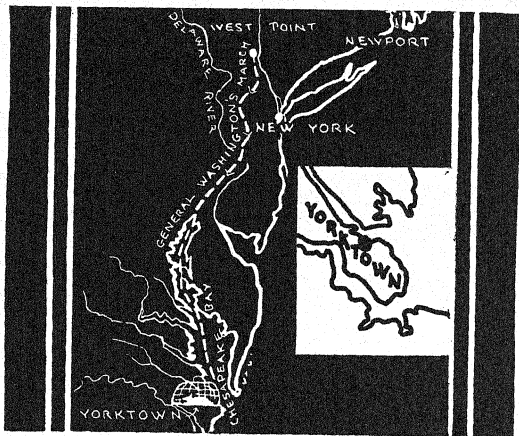
General Washington had not seen Mount Vernon for six years! He reached there on Sunday morning.

There were so many old servants and friends to greet. There was so much for him to see—and he had so little time and so many other things to think about.

His house had been made much larger and lovelier. He had grandchildren! Mr. Jack Custis and his wife were there, with three charming little girls and a tiny boy baby who looked up from Mammy's arms and wondered who in the world that big man was, who had so many nice, shiny things on his clothes to play with, and who seemed to think he was so very nice.

The next day, General Count de Rochambeau and General Marquis de Chastellux came—but not for long. There was serious business on hand. Soon they all rode off with their servants. Mr. Jack Custis rode off to fight with them.

Near Yorktown, the smartly dressed French Army and the ragged Patriot Army from the North joined the ragged Patriots who had been fighting in Virginia. General Lafayette and General Steuben were there.



General Cornwallis was shut up as tightly in Yorktown as a mouse caught fast in a trap.

Count de Grasse had come! His ships were in the York and James Rivers, and in Chesapeake Bay.

General Cornwallis was shut up as tightly in Yorktown as a mouse caught fast in a trap!

There was firing of cannon for many days—but not much real fighting. One month later General Cornwallis surrendered!

General George Washington had proved himself one

of the greatest leaders the world has ever known. He had made it possible for the Thirteen Colonies to win the war!

XIII

As soon as he possibly could, General George Washington hastened to Fredericksburg to see his mother. She was seventy-four years old. She had not seen her son for seven long years.

He had left her as a distinguished gentleman of Virginia. He returned the most illustrious man in all the world!

The people of Fredericksburg gave a splendid ball. Patriot and French officers were there—the French in colorful uniforms all a-glitter with medals and gold braid. Ladies wore the rich jewels, laces, silks and velvets they had loved before the war.

Mrs. Mary Ball Washington entered the ballroom, leaning on the arm of her famous son. She wore a plain dress of black brocade, with soft lace at the neck and wrists.

The French officers were amazed at her unaffected manner—her quiet courtesy—her dignity and simplicity. They said it was no wonder the matrons of America had illustrious sons!

Messengers rushed to General Washington at Yorktown, and to his wife at Mount Vernon. Mr. Jack Custis

was very, very ill. He had caught a fever in the trenches before Yorktown.

The Washingtons hastened to his bedside, in the home of his uncle, Colonel Bassett, who lived not far away. They reached there in time to see him die. Poor Mrs. Martha Washington had lost her last child.

But General George Washington loved children. He asked Mrs. Eleanor Calvert Custis if he could adopt her two youngest babies and bring them up as his own.

So little Eleanor Parke Custis, aged almost three, and baby George Washington Parke Custis, aged six months, went to Mount Vernon to live—to keep the old house ringing with childish laughter and gay with childish pranks.

XIV

General and Lady Washington could spend only a week at Mount Vernon. They had to go to Philadelphia.

After General Washington's great victory over General Cornwallis at Yorktown, the country was wild with joy! Everywhere the people shot off fireworks and built great bonfires and gave fine banquets. Everywhere men made speeches about how wonderful General Washington was.

They said that the war was at an end, that the King's soldiers would quickly go home, that at last the Thirteen Colonies no longer belonged to England, but were free.

All of that worried General Washington very much. Were King George's soldiers not still holding New York and three big cities in the South? Had the King said one small word about giving up the war and making peace?

The King had scarcely had time to hear about the Battle of Yorktown! There were no cables—and no wireless—and no radio in those days. Ships with sails could travel no faster than the winds would let them.

General and Mrs. Washington attended many celebrations and dinners in Philadelphia, although of course they both felt very sad.

Four months later they went to Newburgh, near New York, to join General Washington's army which had gone back there.

General Washington tried to get Congress and the Colonies to raise more soldiers—so he could drive the King's army out of New York. Of course they did not want to.

And then—word came that King George III really did want to make peace!

At first, General Washington would not believe it. He thought it was just a trick to make him send his soldiers home.

But it was really true! King George III had been having a hard time. The countries of Spain and Holland were fighting him, too. He just could not keep soldiers in the Thirteen Colonies any longer.

XV

When General Washington's soldiers heard all the talk about peace, they were very much worried. Congress had not paid them for many months. If they should all go home—would Congress ever pay them? Or would the people forget all about what the army had done for them?

They knew that General Washington would never forget what the soldiers had done nor the money their country owed them. He had tried and tried to get Congress to do what was right. One time he had used his own money to pay them—because he knew they could not wait.

So, some of the Patriot officers had an idea. They decided that it would be a good thing for them and for the Thirteen Colonies to make General George Washington a King!

They wrote him a letter. They said they thought he had made a wonderful leader, and that they were certain he would make just as wonderful a King.

General Washington was upset! Had he not been fighting for seven long years to free his country from a King?

Had he not hoped and dreamed and planned for the time when the people in the Thirteen Colonies could rule themselves—when the country could begin to grow powerful and rich and great?

He wrote to the officers that nothing which had happened during the entire war had caused him more sorrow: "... you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable."

Later he made them a speech. He took out his glasses and said,

"You see, gentlemen, I have grown both blind and gray in your service."

Then he told them they must have faith in their Government—that he was certain Congress would give them what was due them!

The officers were ashamed of themselves. They never said anything more about having a King.

XVI

At last the time came when General George Washington could plan to lay down his burdens as a soldier—to go back to peaceful Mount Vernon to live.

The Treaty of Peace with England had been signed. King George's soldiers had started home.

General Washington wrote a farewell letter to the Thirteen Colonies, urging them to form a strong central government which would bind them more closely into one nation.

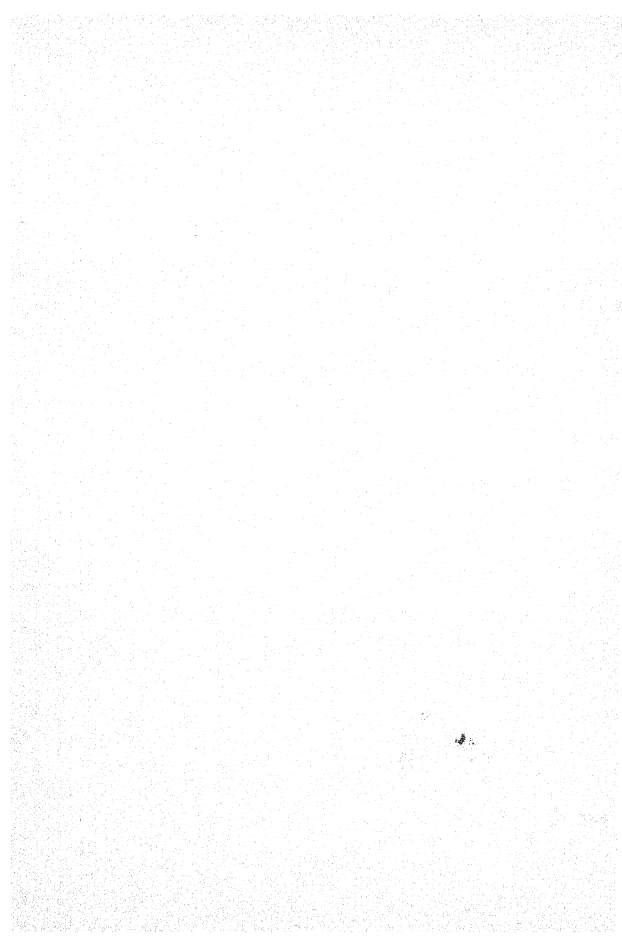
At Fraunce's Tavern, in New York, he took leave of the officers who had fought so bravely for their country and for him. Tears came in his eyes. He could not speak.

He took each officer by the hand. He kissed each one on both cheeks. Many eyes were wet with tears!

General Washington then went to Annapolis, where Congress was meeting, to resign his commission as Commander-in-Chief.

And so, two years after Yorktown, accompanied by his wife and three officers, General George Washington went home!

Our First President



"THE General's a-comin'!" shouted black Billy Lee. He spurred his horse and dashed on.

Old Thomas Bishop had heard! That faithful old servant whom dying General Braddock had given to young Colonel George Washington!

Bishop hurried into his cottage. He called to his pretty daughter. He soon came out again.

And what do you suppose was the first thing General and Lady Washington saw on that home-coming Christmas Eve, as they entered the woods at Mount Vernon?

An old, old man—dressed in the faded uniform of a soldier of King George II! A worn red coat. Tarnished gold braid. But the brass buttons had been polished to shine as brightly as the welcome in Bishop's eyes.

The old man bowed very low. General Washington bowed most politely. His eyes shone, too, as he and his wife stopped to chat a few moments with that loyal friend—and with his daughter whom Mrs. Washington had "as good as brought up."

The coach rolled nearer the house. Such a racket as the General and his lady and the three handsome young colonels on horseback heard!

What eager black faces they saw! What laughing red lips—what gleaming white teeth—as house and field servants pressed closely about the coach to welcome their master who had been away for so many years! As he stepped down, how proudly those who knew him well enough shook his hand!

Inside the house, happy faces of relatives and Christmas guests greeted the great man who had come home to stay.

How gay the old house looked! How cheerily the great logs blazed in the fireplaces! Holly and mistletoe hung gracefully from mirrors and chandeliers. Candles shed their soft light on powdered headdresses, jewels, laces, flowered silks.

House servants, dressed in the smart Mount Vernon livery of white and red, moved busily about. What delicious punch and cakes they served!

The quarters were gay that evening. Guns and pistols were fired. Young and old sang sweet melodies—danced to the merry sounds of the fiddle and the banjo.

And then, promptly at nine, there was quiet! Was not that the hour at which Marse George had always liked to go to bed?

II

Upstairs, in his stately, peaceful bedroom, General George Washington took off the sword in a leathern

scabbard which had hung at his side so many years. He took off his uniform of buff and blue.

He lay down between linen sheets which were scented with rose leaves—on a mattress of soft feathers. He looked up at the dainty white curtains of his great four-poster bed. He watched the friendly firelight make dancing figures on the walls.

Was that terrible war really over? Had he really and truly come back to lovely Mount Vernon to stay?

Up at four o'clock as usual!

The General lighted his own fire. He shaved and dressed himself. Billy Lee had laid out his clothes the night before.

He read some letters. He wrote three or four. And then it was daylight. He could go to the stables to see his horses.

How beautiful Magnolia looked! How he whinnied when his master stroked his nose and flanks! And Nelson—the great chestnut war horse, with white face and feet! He had ridden him when the English surrendered at Yorktown. Old Nelson did not have to work any more. He was too old. Spirited Blueskin was there. The General, who was called the finest figure on horseback in America, had ridden him, too, during the war.

He would certainly have to get some new dogs. So many had died. And the others were too old to hunt foxes. But how glad they were to see their master! How they licked his boots and hands!

Back for breakfast at seven—dressed as a plain country gentleman. Fresh fish, breakfast bacon, ham and eggs, corn cakes, beaten biscuit, honey, coffee, tea. Mount Vernon guests were lucky in those days.

And then the servants began to come in! One hundred and fifty of them!

"Merrie Christmas, Marse George! Merrie Christmas, Mis' Martha!"

How like the good old times it was! Each servant received a few shillings from Marse George, a Christmas box from Mis' Martha who never forgot one of them, from the oldest grandfather to the youngest baby.

How proud and happy they all were—to belong to so gracious a mistress—to so famous a master!

General George Washington really looked like a very great man! He was so tall and strong—so like a story-book hero! The look on his face was so noble and so kind.

General George Washington had not forgotten to bring gifts for the children in his family—for pretty little Nelly Custis, who was almost five—for cunning little Washington Custis, who would soon be three—and for their two older sisters, Martha Parke and Elizabeth Parke Custis. On his way home he had shopped in Philadelphia for

a locket, 3 small pocket books, 3 sashes, Dress Cap, Hatt, Handkerchief, Children's Books, Whirligig, Fiddle, Quadrille Boxes.

Little Nelly and tiny Washington and the others were so happy with their gifts from Grandpapa!

Mistress Martha Washington had risen at four o'clock, too. Was ever a busier day ahead for an old-fashioned Virginia housewife?

Christmas dinner to oversee! House guests to be made happy and comfortable. In her dress of soft white woolen cloth, her dainty white apron and dainty frilled cap, with the great bunch of keys dangling from her belt—how happily the mistress of the cheery mansion bustled here and there! How she gave orders about cooking—and cleaning—and dusting—building of fires—carrying out ashes—carrying hot water to bedrooms! How she made the servants scurry about!

Soon after breakfast, neighbors and old friends began to arrive. Stately dames, pretty young ladies, dashing beaux, courtly older gentlemen. Among the latter was Colonel George Mason of Gunston Hall. He had the gout. But how nice to see him again! How good to talk about the old deer-stalking days!

Christmas dinner was served at three. What pretty dresses the ladies wore! How fine the gentlemen looked in velvet, lace frills, gold or silver buckles on shoes and knees! How stately the powdered hair! How beaming the faces of family, guests and servants!

There was turkey, of course. And rockfish, and canvasback duck, and roast pig, and roast beef, and roast leg of lamb. There were peas and lettuce and cucumbers.

There were pies and cakes and tarts and plum puddings. There were hickory nuts—which General Washington liked very much!

And after dinner, in the long twilight and evening, mellow with firelight and candlelight, there were music and dancing and games and mistletoe! General Washington danced! Had he not once danced for three hours with Mrs. Knox during the war? The stately minuet and quadrille, the friendly Virginia reel—perhaps the gayer “Leather the Strap,” “High Betty Martin,” “Pettycoatee”!

What a happy, happy day!

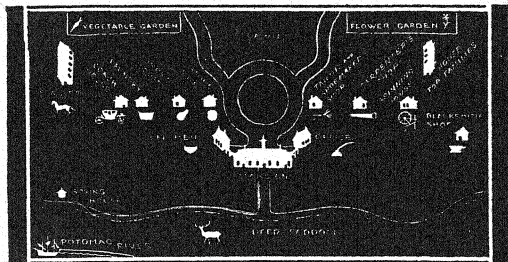
III

General Washington hoped that he could spend all the remainder of his life at Mount Vernon—that he could be just a simple country gentleman again.

For many days, when he first woke up in the morning, he could not forget the war. He felt that he must get up quickly and put on his uniform—give orders—train soldiers—be ready to fight!

But he soon remembered—and quickly took up the ways of his old Mount Vernon life. Riding over the farms—talking with his overseers—going to see the miller—the shoemaker—the barrel-maker.

Sometimes the “old General,” as people began to call him, would take off his coat, throw it on the ground, and work with his servants, just like a common man!



This is how Mount Vernon was planned.

Every day he spent a few minutes in the pasture with old Nelson, the war horse!

Every afternoon he came home in time to dress for dinner at three.

The winter was a very hard one. Snows lay so deep upon the roads that horses could scarcely walk. February came before General Washington could go down to Fredericksburg to see his mother and sister.

And then—when the roads were clear in the spring—General Washington learned something that seemed very strange. He found that he could never, never be just a simple country gentleman again!

He was one of the greatest men in all the world! So people from all over the world wanted to see him—and talk with him—and visit his beautiful home.

By coach, on horseback, and by shipload they came! The Governor of Virginia—the President of Congress—foreign noblemen, Generals, Statesmen, travelers from many lands!

All were welcome. All were invited to dinner—some to spend the night—others to remain for many days.

"A well resorted tavern," General Washington wrote his mother that his house had become.

General Washington did not like to spend all the time he was in his house talking with strangers—although he was very nice to everyone who came.

After dinner, he liked to go to the pleasant new library which had been built at one end of the house, to sit with his books and pictures and guns and pistols and swords and spy-glasses and surveying instruments about him, to plan the work which he wanted to have done on his farms.

He kept one table just littered with books which told how to raise horses and cows and sheep, how to grow flowers and vegetables and tobacco, how to prune and graft fruit trees!

He knew that his wife and their friends and the many nieces and nephews who were always visiting there would enjoy talking with the guests. Perhaps his pretty nieces could find suitable husbands among them, too!

The three young colonels who had ridden home with General Washington that Christmas Eve, remained for a while to be his secretaries—to help him arrange all

those copies of his letters and records and orders and expense books which he had brought home from the war. He had a little house which could not possibly burn down built to keep them in. "People will be so glad to see them some day," he thought.

All the new rooms he wanted had been added to the house during the war. He had written many letters to Mr. Lund Washington about them. He had received many letters from him.

The beautiful banquet room with a table large enough to seat thirty guests. The spacious bedrooms. The great portico, with its tall columns, imported flagstone floor and many, many chairs. What lovely views they had from it of the blue river—covered with thousands of ducks!

Yes, the house itself was finished—but how many, many things there were to do about the grounds! For General Washington had decided to make the lawns and walks and gardens and driveways of Mount Vernon as lovely as they could possibly be!

So, he sat in the circular chair before his beautiful library desk and worked on charts and plans.

Stately arcades to connect the mansion house with servants' halls, kitchen and other buildings, a serpentine driveway to wind in and out, trees of every kind planted so that people could see long distances—beautiful vistas of green woodland, fertile fields, sparkling waters and purple hills.

A great vegetable garden, with fig trees trained flat on sunny walls. A lovely flower garden—with beds in pretty patterns—and green hedges which bordered charming walks.

A deer park on the slope above the river!

Brick ha-ha walls to keep the cattle from grazing too near the house.

IV

One guest came whom General Washington and his wife were so very, very happy to see! The Marquis de Lafayette, or "the French boy" as Mrs. Washington fondly called him.

The Marquis de Lafayette thought it was charming to see big General George Washington and tiny George Washington Parke Custis walking hand-in-hand:

"A very little fellow with a feather in his hat, holding fast to one finger of the good General's remarkable hand." (The hand was so very large that one finger was all the toddling boy could hold!)

When Lafayette left, General Washington went with him as far as Annapolis. He loved him so much that he wanted to be with him as long as he possibly could!

General Washington never saw the Marquis again. But forty years later Lafayette visited his dear friend's grave.

The Comte de Moustier, who was the first Minister

from France to our new country, came to Mount Vernon. His sister, the Marquise de Brienne, came with him. She thought the colored babies were so cunning that she picked them up and played with them all the time! General Washington did not like that! He did not think it was dignified for a guest in his home to spend so much of her time playing with the children of his servants.

Famous artists came to paint the general's portrait. Sculptors came to model his head and figure. Houdon, the great French sculptor, arrived at Mount Vernon with three assistants one night at eleven o'clock—after the entire household had gone to bed.



She thought the colored babies were so cunning.

General Washington went on another trip to the Ohio country—to see his Western lands. With his good friend, Dr. Craik, and their servants, he traveled over Braddock's old road. Five weeks in the wilderness—shooting deer and buffalo—fishing—camping—seeing Indians. How like the old surveying days! And that thrilling trip to find the French Commander—so many years before!

Mr. Lund Washington stayed at Mount Vernon a year or so to help. And then a nephew named George Augustine Washington came. He fell in love with a niece of Mrs. Washington's named Fanny Bassett! So they were married—and lived at Mount Vernon—and helped to manage things and entertain.

General Washington's youngest brother, Samuel, had married five times! A young daughter of his named Harriott came to Mount Vernon to live. She stayed there until she married.

General Washington did not like the way Harriott used her clothes. She wore her best dresses every day! When she took them off she threw them on the floor—or in the corner of her closet! That kept them soiled and full of wrinkles—so that she was always asking her Uncle George to buy her new things.

The General hoped that Harriott would change and grow into a fine woman. But he said, "She costs me enough!"

Many people felt shy before General Washington—because he looked like such a very great man.

But pretty little Nelly Custis, "a romping, mischievous lassie," was never afraid of her tall Grandpapa! When she got into trouble with her Grandmamma, she would go and tell him all about it and he would be so sorry! When Nelly and her little friends played merry pranks, she ran to tell him about them—and her Grandpapa laughed heartily. He loved her and liked to see her gay and happy. And he always bought her such pretty things!

General Washington's friends all over the world sent him many gifts. King Louis of France sent him his portrait. King Carlos of Spain sent three mules! The General named one of them Royal Gift. The Marquis de Lafayette sent a pack of enormous stag hounds. One of them, named Vulcan, dashed into the kitchen just before dinner one day and stole a very fine baked ham!

V

There were some guests who came to Mount Vernon with whom General Washington never tired of talking! They were the men who knew and thought about what was going on in the Thirteen States, who came to tell The Father of His Country just how his child—that new nation he had done so much to create—was getting along!

No father ever worried more about a child than Gen-

eral Washington worried about the young United States!

And no children ever seemed to a father more careless—more disobedient—or more helpless than those Thirteen States!

Before he gave up the command of his armies, he had told the States just what they ought to do—how they simply must get together and form a strong central government, before they could ever hope to grow powerful and rich and great.

But the Thirteen States had done nothing of the kind! They just quarreled—and were jealous of one another!

Little States like Rhode Island and New Jersey and Delaware were afraid of big States like New York and Pennsylvania—just as little boys are afraid of big boys!

The little States were afraid the big States would take some of their land—and get some of their business! They were afraid Congress would make them pay as much in taxes as the big States.

Each State wanted to be a little nation—to make its own laws, to print its own paper money, which no other State ever thought was good. They just simply would not get along nicely with one another at all.

They would not let Congress have power enough to raise money by taxes to pay back to other countries what they had borrowed during the war.

France and Spain lost all respect for the new country which would not pay its debts! King George III laughed up his sleeve! He was so sure the weak United States would soon break up—that his old Colonies would beg

powerful England to take them back and protect them again!

When General Washington made that last trip to the Ohio country, to see his Western lands, he saw something else which impressed him very much. So many settlers had gone to the Ohio country since he had been there as a young man! Forests and meadow lands everywhere were dotted with cabins and clearings and farms. He passed so many wagon trains of settlers on the way!

"These strong, brave people must belong to my country!" he thought. "New States must be made of these rich, wild lands!"

But there were no good roads over the mountains. No easy way for the new settlers to bring their crops and skins back to sell them in the thirteen seacoast States.

And there was an easy way to sell them to the Spanish who held New Orleans—down the Ohio and the broad Mississippi by boat!

Something must be done to bind those settlers to the States they had left! New waterways must be dug! (There were no railroads or big trucks then!) Good wagon roads must be made!

General Washington wrote many letters to tell the people of the Thirteen States how much they needed to build good roads and dig tunnels and canals and make the rivers wider and deeper, so that it would be easier to get over the mountains. He said if that were not done, a new country would grow up beyond the mountains—and perhaps it would belong to Spain!

The General wrote so many letters that he had to get a new secretary to help him. His name was Mr. Tobias Lear. The General liked him very much. Mr. Lear also taught little Miss Nelly and Master Washington Custis their lessons.

VI

General Washington thought it would be a good idea to have a great canal and tunnels dug so that ships sailing up to the beginning of the Potomac River could sail right on through the mountains to the beginning of the Ohio River.

He invited some men from Maryland and Virginia to Mount Vernon for a few days to talk about it all.

When the men came, they thought that as long as the canal would go through part of the State of Pennsylvania—men from that State ought to be asked to talk about it, too.

And then they thought—why not call a meeting of men from all the States to talk, not only about roads and canals, but about other things which would make business better for them all!

That was a good idea! Maybe they would be able to settle some of those silly troubles which had worried General Washington so much. Maybe they would stop quarreling—stop being so jealous about everything.

The new convention of men from all the States was to meet at Annapolis.

General Washington was so happy about it! He was sure it would turn out to be such a good thing!

But General Washington was disappointed. Only five States sent men! Not enough, it seemed, to do any good at all.

But the meeting did do some good!

Colonel Alexander Hamilton from New York was there. And he had a wonderful idea!

He wanted to call a new convention of men from all the Thirteen States. And he wanted them to talk—not just about business and taxes and money—but about a better kind of government which would give Congress enough power to do things which would make other countries respect the United States—to make that stupid King George III stop laughing up his sleeve!

And something happened which made the people listen to what Colonel Hamilton said. There was terrible fighting in Massachusetts—and Vermont—and New Hampshire! Some of the people there had become so poor and so discouraged that they had just decided not to have any government at all! They said they would not pay debts or taxes! They drove officers away. They burned houses. They stole.

People everywhere were so frightened that they wanted a stronger government.

When General Washington heard about the trouble he said that the United States simply must have a government under which the life, liberty and property of everyone would be safe.

So all the States but little Rhode Island sent men to the new convention in Philadelphia. We now call it the Constitutional Convention because the Constitution of the United States, under which we live today, was first talked about, and planned, and written there.

Of course you will not be surprised to hear that General George Washington was selected by the State of Virginia as the head of the seven men who went from that State. One of the other men was his old friend, Colonel George Mason.

Nor will you be surprised to hear that when all the men from the twelve States had gathered in Philadelphia, they selected General George Washington, the greatest man of them all, to be their leader in the convention!

The Constitutional Convention began in the spring and lasted until fall. All the hot summer fifty-one men sat behind closed doors and talked and argued and pleaded for what they thought was right—for the kind of government they thought would be best for the little country which they so wanted to see grow big and strong!

At last our great Constitution was finished!

General George Washington, who had said at the beginning,

"Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair," was well satisfied.

He had not talked much in the convention. That was

not his way. But he had listened carefully to every speech! He had made quiet suggestions. He had read and studied every written word!

When he went home to Mount Vernon a visitor wrote, "I never saw him so keen for anything in my life as he is for the adoption of the new scheme of government."

VII

The old life went on at Mount Vernon. Dinners, fox hunting, trips to Alexandria, eight miles away, where General Washington had built a house so that he and his family could be comfortable when they went there to Christ Church, to balls, to races, or for him to attend town meetings.

General Washington did not always pay attention when his wife spoke to him. He was so busy thinking that he did not hear! So little Mrs. Washington would go up to her tall husband and twist a button of his coat! He would look down at her fondly. And he always did just what she wanted! Mrs. Washington called him her "old man."

In the fall, when the trees at Mount Vernon were gorgeous in russet and yellow and brown, many guests came—good old friends the General and his Lady had made during the war.

Nearly six years had passed since that gay Christmas home-coming. Busy, happy years!

VIII

Copies of the new Constitution were sent to the Thirteen States, so the people could think about it, and talk about it, and decide whether or not that was just the kind of government they wanted. Ten months later, eleven of the States voted to adopt the Constitution! And that is why, today, we have a President, a Congress made up of a Senate and a House of Representatives, a Governor for each State—and many other wise arrangements.

The first Congress elected under the new Constitution met in New York. Their first business was to open and count the votes which representatives of the people had cast for President. Every vote was for one man,

GEORGE WASHINGTON!

Mr. Charles Thomson, the clerk of the Congress, rode horseback from New York to Mount Vernon to tell General Washington of his election.

General Washington said that he would go back with him in two days. But first he must go to see his mother.

Mrs. Mary Ball Washington was eighty-one years old. Her son saw that she was far from well. He knelt beside her chair and told her the people had elected him President of the United States—and that he had to go right away to New York. But just as soon as he could get away, he would come back to see her again.

His mother said,

"And you will see me no more. I shall not be long for this world. But go, George; fulfill the high destiny which heaven appears to have intended for you; go, my son, and may heaven's and a mother's blessing be with you always."



Mrs. Mary Ball Washington was eighty-one years old.

She laid her hand upon his head. A great sob burst from him.

General George Washington never saw his mother again. Three months later she died. He was filled with grief.

IX

The Father of His Country was glad, of course, that his people had shown such trust and love for him—but his heart was heavy that bright spring morning as he set out for New York.

He was leaving Mount Vernon again—the dearly loved “shadow of my own vine and fig tree,” as he had expressed it in a letter to Lafayette. He was giving up the delights of being a farmer for the strain and the trials of public life.

How would it all turn out? Would he make a wise President? Would the people love him at the end of his term of office as much as they loved him then?

And how would Mount Vernon get along without him? He had so many relatives and guests and servants to provide food for! Everything required such careful management! Why—he owned one hundred cows, and yet he had been having to buy butter for his table!

Mr. Charles Thomson and Colonel Humphreys, one of President-elect George Washington's secretaries, went with him.

Friends and neighbors came out from Alexandria to

meet him. They gave a fine dinner for him. The mayor made a speech in which he said,

"Go and make a grateful people happy."

The President-elect made a speech in which he said,

"From an aching heart I bid you all, my affectionate friends and kind neighbors, farewell!"

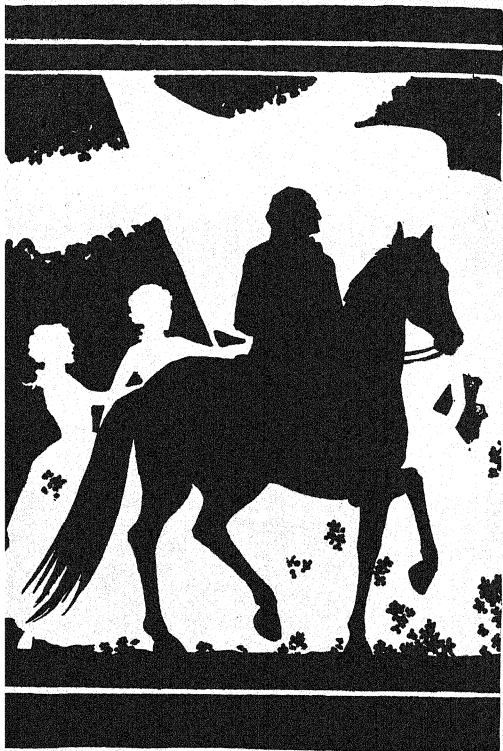
Some of them went with him as far as Georgetown. A group of children went, too, to show their love for him!

And it was just the same in all the towns and cities from there to New York! Everywhere the people came out to welcome him—with shining eyes and joyous shouts. They were so happy because the man they loved and trusted more than anyone else in all the world had been selected to be the head of their new Government!

Soldiers came out from Philadelphia to meet the President-elect. The great man ordered his carriage to the rear and rode at the head of the procession on a beautiful white horse.

There were many arches of triumph, beautiful with laurel branches, evergreens, streamers and flags, for him to ride under! Boats on rivers were decorated. Bands played. Cannon were fired. Thousands cheered.

At Princeton there was an arch of triumph twenty feet high—with words of welcome in great gilt letters! All the ladies of the town were there. Thirteen young girls dressed in white sang verses of welcome and strewed flowers in the President-elect's path! He stopped his horse. It was all so affecting that many people wept!



Young girls

CLOTILDE EMBREE



sang verses of welcome.

A wonderfully decorated barge, fifty feet long, was waiting to take the President-elect to New York. It was festooned with red satin, and rowed by thirteen masters of ships dressed in white uniforms and black caps!

As they neared New York, many gaily decorated boats met them—cannon boomed—bells rang—whistles blew. The ferry stairway was covered with soft red carpet! As thousands of people cheered, the President-elect left the barge and walked slowly up. His face was calm and dignified. His manner was modest. He wore a plain suit—blue coat, buff waistcoat and breeches, black shoes and white silk hose.

The group of famous men who welcomed the President-elect wanted him to ride to the mansion which had been made ready for him in a splendid cream-colored coach, decorated with cupids and festoons of flowers, and drawn by six beautiful horses.

President-elect George Washington said that he would rather walk! It seemed too much like a coach in which a king would ride—and he did not want to seem anything at all like a king!

So he walked—at the head of a wonderful parade—bands—soldiers on horseback—cheers!

X

Three days later, George Washington was made first President of the United States!

It was a beautiful spring day. At sunrise cannon were fired. At nine o'clock church bells rang for half an hour. All the soldiers in the city marched to accompany the President-elect to Federal Hall, the building in which Congress met.

George Washington rode in a great coach of state, drawn by four white horses! Great men from all over the world followed him, some in carriages, some on horseback, others walking. Bands played stirring music!

On an open balcony, decorated with flags and red velvet, which looked out on Wall Street, our first President took the oath of office. As he appeared, the people shouted joyously. He placed his hand on his heart and bowed several times.

And then—with bowed head and raised hand he repeated the oath! He promised to preserve, protect and defend the Constitution! He kissed a beautiful Bible.

Cannon boomed! Shouts rose to the skies!

President George Washington led the way back into the hall in which Congress met, because he had to make a speech.

He stood with his hand resting on a table. He wore a suit of brown cloth, with metal buttons which had eagles on them. His stockings were white silk. His shoes had silver buckles. He carried a fine sword with a steel hilt. His hair was powdered.

He said that the purpose of the Constitution and the new Government was to make all the people of the

United States free and happy! And that he expected to do everything in his power to make that come true!

President George Washington, followed by a throng of people, then walked to St. Paul's Chapel to listen to prayers and hymns.

Then he entered the state coach again, and was driven to the mansion—his new home.

In the evening he watched wonderful fireworks.

XI

A month later Lady Washington came to New York. More cannon boomed. More bells rang.

Eleven-year-old Miss Nelly Custis and nine-year-old Master George Washington Parke Custis were very much excited!

All the way from Mount Vernon so many people had come out to meet their Grandmamma—old friends, troops of soldiers, gay bands, cheering crowds that shouted:

“Long live President Washington and God bless Lady Washington.”

So many parties and dinners had been given for her! There had been flags and streamers and flowers.

The new home in New York, while very nice, was different from lovely Mount Vernon. Just a city house that stood next the street! No sloping lawns. No sparkling blue river. No great forest trees. No lovely gardens and flower beds and hedge-bordered walks.

But there were fine Turkish carpets—and Lady Washington said that she had never seen so much silver and china in her life!

President Washington found that, in order to make the new Government seem dignified and powerful—in order to make ministers and noblemen from foreign countries respect it as they should—he would have to have a sort of court about him, such as a king would have! He tried to keep everything as simple as possible, yet he insisted on dignity and formality and elegance and charm!

No longer were guests welcome in his home at any time, as in the friendly Mount Vernon days! Special hours were arranged for them.

Tuesday afternoons, between three and four, gentlemen could call on the President! He received them standing before a fireplace. He wore black velvet, yellow gloves, silver buckles! A dress sword in a white leather scabbard hung at his side.

The guests stood in a circle about the room. The President walked around and spoke a few words to each one. He did not shake hands.

State dinners were held on Thursdays at four o'clock.

And on Friday evenings, from seven to nine, Lady Washington held her receptions. She wore such beautiful dresses! Of silk and satin and velvet and lace—elegant as the clothes of a President's wife should be!

Such charmingly dressed ladies and young ladies came

to her receptions! And such courtly gentlemen! The nicest people in New York, of course. Officials and distinguished visitors from foreign lands.

How the ladies rustled in their stiff silks and satins! How impressive were their great white powdered head-dresses, trimmed with wreaths of silk and velvet roses!

Some of the young ladies were very, very pretty. They liked to crowd around President Washington because he was a great man.

Plum cake—and tea—and coffee were served! At nine o'clock everyone left.

Lady Washington thought the parties she used to have at Mount Vernon were nicer. They were not so stiff!

XII

It was not easy to be the first President of the United States!

So many things had to be done which had never been done before—and they had to be done right so that the people of our country and other countries would respect the Government.

The Minister from France thought that because his country had helped the United States in the war—and because he was a good friend of the President—he could just run in to see him about the business of his country at any time. President Washington said that he could do

nothing of the sort! He had to make appointments and be announced just like anyone else.

President Washington insisted on doing everything with a great deal of dignity—not because he was conceited or wanted people to respect him more, but because he wanted them to respect his country!

Just as he had always done, he thought about his country first.

President Washington had to select a "Cabinet" of four men to advise him and to take charge of the business of the Government. He made Colonel Alexander Hamilton the Secretary of the Treasury; Thomas Jefferson the Secretary of State; Henry Knox the Secretary of War; and Edmund Randolph the Attorney-General.

They had many meetings. Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson did not always get along very well. Their ideas as to how things should be done were very different! President Washington would listen carefully to both of them—and then he would do what he thought was best. He always used his own judgment. And when he once made up his mind that a certain thing was the right thing to do—nothing could keep him from doing it!

Sometimes he insisted on doing things which many people in the country did not want done. But he went right ahead—and did not care when they said unkind things about him!

Colonel Alexander Hamilton wanted the new Government to pay the debts the Thirteen States had made during the war. The Continental Congress had printed many "promises to pay money some day" and given them to the people from whom it borrowed money to carry on the war. Colonel Hamilton wanted the new Government to pay all those promises the old Government had made.

Some men who were not very honest found out about his plan and went all over the Thirteen States buying up all the promises they could find for very much less than they were worth! That is, if the promise was to pay one dollar, perhaps they bought it for ten or twenty or thirty or forty or fifty cents—because the people had not heard about Alexander Hamilton's plan and did not know that they could ever get more for them!

So, when Alexander Hamilton's plan was adopted, the people who had bought the promises (they were called "speculators") sold them for more than they paid for them and became rich. And the people who should have had the money stayed poor!

Some of the men in Congress from the Southern States had not wanted to vote for the plan. But the people of the Southern States hoped very much that the new capital city of the United States would be in the South. So Alexander Hamilton told them if they would vote for his plan, the new Federal City (we now call it Wash-

ington, D. C.) could be on the Potomac River, not far from Mount Vernon!

So they voted for his plan!

The people wanted the new city to be so very beautiful that it could not possibly be ready before ten years. They decided to make Philadelphia the capital until then—so President Washington and Congress left New York and went there.

XIII

In Philadelphia President and Lady Washington had a fine house with a garden and beautiful trees. There were large stables, too, for the President's beautiful horses, for his large family coach, his light carriage, and his chariot. All were cream-colored with beautiful figures in enamel on them.

When President Washington drove to meetings of Congress—he went in his chariot drawn by six bay horses.

When he and his wife and the children went for long drives in the country, they used the carriage with four horses.

When they drove to Christ Church every Sunday, they went in the coach drawn by two horses. A servant went in to open their pew door for them—and sat on a chair in the aisle to open it when they were ready to leave.

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President Washington used to take his wife's hand to lead her down the marble steps of their home to their carriages. They always looked very fine.

A terrible war had broken out in France—the French Revolution. The King and Queen and all their friends had made the poor people pay too many taxes just so they could spend money and have good times. At last the poor people became so very poor that they did not have enough to eat! That made them hate the people who were rich and fine and had too much of everything—and would not give them what they needed to keep themselves alive. So the only thing they could do was fight.

They had a terrible thing called the “guillotine” which was used to cut off people's heads! King Louis had had his head cut off! And so had many, many other men and women.

The people who had cut off King Louis's head and were managing the Government thought the United States ought to send soldiers and money to help them—because France had helped the United States in the American Revolution.

President Washington said it was King Louis who had been a friend to the United States—and that the United States was not going to send help to people who had cut off his head!

He said the French Revolution was not like the American Revolution.

Many people in the United States were very angry because President Washington would not send help to France. They said he was not grateful for all that Generals Lafayette, Rochambeau and Chastellux, Admiral de Grasse and the others had done.

A man called Citizen Genêt came to be Minister from France. He stirred up a lot of trouble. He made the people more angry than ever.

But President Washington would not change. He knew he was right—and he would not do what was wrong!

At last the people of the United States saw that he was right! Instead of being angry with him any longer, they liked him more than they ever had before!

XIV

President and Lady Washington had fine receptions in Philadelphia, too. They went to many parties and dances and dinners and theatres—and made many good friends.

Miss Nelly Custis and her young friends had lovely times—driving, dancing, wearing beautiful clothes!

Miss Nelly's two sisters came to visit their Grand-mamma sometimes—as well as many young cousins and friends. President and Mrs. Washington loved to have the young people around! Sometimes the President would leave his study in the evenings—and go in to

dance the Virginia Reel with Nelly and her friends!

Mr. George Washington Parke Custis was attending Princeton University, but he often came home and brought his friends.

Miss Nelly's Grandmamma wanted her to be a very accomplished young lady. She had her learn to paint, embroider, sing and ride horseback—as well as to learn how to do all the things which had to be done about a home. She gave her lessons on the spinet herself—and made her practice four hours a day! Miss Nelly did not like that. Sometimes she wept!

Miss Nelly always sang a hymn for Lady Washington after her Grandmamma was in bed—and then she kissed her good night!

XV

George Washington was President of the United States for eight years. He was elected twice.

Sometimes he had so many cares and troubles that he wished he had never left Mount Vernon at all!

There was trouble with the Indians. Soldiers had to go to fight them so the country beyond the mountains would be safe for all those new settlers!

There was trouble about taxes. Men in the mountain country of Pennsylvania and Virginia liked to make whiskey from their corn, because it was easier to ship it and sell it that way. But they did not like to pay the taxes which the new Government required! They said

they would not pay them! They caught officers who went to collect the taxes, took off their clothes and covered them with tar and feathers!

The President was so angry because they did not respect his Government that he sent fifteen thousand men to put down the Whiskey Rebellion. He went along, too!

The French Revolution grew worse and worse! England began to fight France—and to do things which made people in the United States want to fight England again.

President Washington said, "NO!" He sent Mr. John Jay to England to make a new Treaty. The people did not like the Treaty he brought back (it was called the Jay Treaty). They were very angry about it. They said such unkind things about President Washington! But he knew he was right—and just let them go on saying what they pleased.

At last the people themselves began to see that President Washington was right and they were wrong. They were so ashamed of themselves! They loved him more than they ever had before! They understood what a very great President he was!

XVI

The time came to elect a new President. The people wanted to elect George Washington again. But he did not want to be President a third time!

Mr. John Adams was elected second President of the United States. He took the oath of office before Congress.

Ex-President George Washington was there because he had to make a speech. Lady Washington did not go. Eighteen-year-old Miss Nelly Custis went. It was all she could do to keep from weeping!

All the people looked at Ex-President Washington. He was dressed in black velvet. His general's hat had a black ribbon cockade on it.

He made a wonderful speech which we call his Farewell Address!

He told the people that their new country was at last united and running smoothly—and that they did not need him any longer. He asked them to make religion, education and good faith their guides. He asked them to keep their country always American—and never to take sides in the troubles of countries across the ocean!

Many persons wept! As he finished, large tears dropped from his eyes!

Mount Vernon—and Beyond





7

FRITZ, the coachman, made a rustling flourish with his whip. The leading horses plunged forward.

"Wait! Stop!" Little Mrs. Martha Washington was speaking. With her tiny hands she clutched one of her husband's great arms.

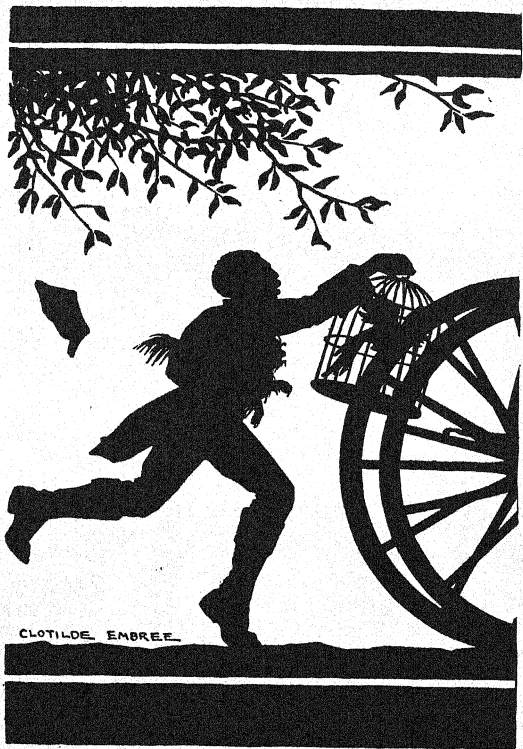
"Whatever is the matter?" asked the astonished General.

"My parrot! My little dog! We've left them in the house!"

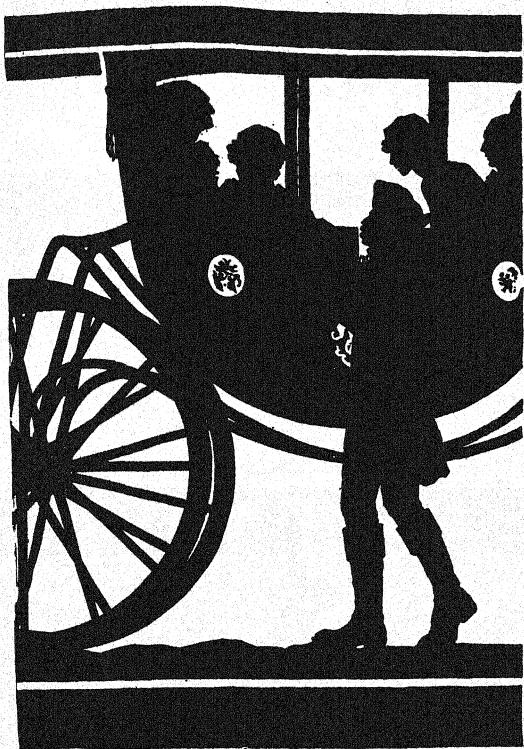
General George Washington groaned! Of course he ordered the great coach to be stopped. Of course he sent a servant to fetch the two pets. Of course, just as any other delayed husband would do, he grumbled,

"I should not pine much if both were forgot!"

Miss Nelly Custis laughed merrily. Mr. George Wash-



"I should not pine much



if both were forgot."

ington Lafayette, aged seventeen, and his tutor, smiled politely. How the parrot scolded! How joyously the little spaniel yelped—as the two pets were safely stowed away in the coach.

Off at last! Bound for Mount Vernon again!

Young Mr. George Washington Lafayette was the son of General Washington's dear friend, the Marquis de Lafayette. That unfortunate gentleman was in a prison in Austria!

During the French Revolution the kind-hearted Marquis had, of course, taken the side of the poor people who had been unfairly treated. Just as he had wanted to fight to make all the people of the Colonies free and happy, so he had wanted to help the less fortunate people in his own country to have a better chance to enjoy the good things of life.

His wife, the Marquise de Lafayette, had been put in another prison in Paris! When President Washington heard about that, he sent her money, so she could have an easier time. She had used some of the money to send her son to America.

General Washington was taking the young man who had been named for him to Mount Vernon—to treat him as his own son.

II

General and Lady Washington were very happy. They were going back to the peaceful, lovely home they had left eight years before.

To be sure, they had both spent a few weeks of each year there. But that was just enough to make them homesick!

Every week the President had had reports from his overseers. Every week he had written letters about what to plant and when to plant it—about the servants—the animals—the trees—the flowers—and all the other things he loved so much.

And Lady Washington had written long letters to her dear niece, Mrs. Fanny Bassett Washington, to tell her that it was time to have Caroline, the colored woman, air the bedclothes, clean the closets they were kept in, and many other things.

One time she sent this message to her niece's little girl, "Kiss Maria—I send her two little handkerchiefs to wipe her nose."

The travelers did not reach Mount Vernon as quickly as they expected. All along the way, so many, many people felt that they just had to see Ex-President Washington and his family!

So many, many people wanted him to know that they loved and trusted and respected him more than they ever had before! That they appreciated the sacrifices he had made—the burdens he had borne—the great work he had accomplished. They wanted him to know that they thought him the very greatest and wisest and best man in all the world!

Processions of soldiers on horseback came out from

cities and towns to meet him. They escorted him on his way. Cannon were fired. Balls and banquets were given. Speeches were made. Thousands cheered.

The great coach reached Alexandria. A troop of soldiers was waiting to escort Ex-President Washington and his family as far as the gates of Mount Vernon!

III

Home again! Welcoming throngs of servants! Shouts! Blazing bonfires! Fiddles! Banjos! Dancing! Songs!

Old neighbors came to greet them. Old friends. Relatives tremulous with love and pride.

The old life once more. Riding over the farms. Managing the great house. Entertaining endless guests from all over the United States and foreign lands.

In a few days Miss Nelly Custis wrote to a friend,

Grandpapa is very well and much pleased with being once more Farmer Washington.

Mrs. Martha Washington wrote to Mrs. Knox,

The general and I feel like children just released from school. I am again an old-fashioned Virginia housekeeper—steady as a clock, busy as a bee, cheerful as a cricket.

General Washington himself had written,

I can truly say I had rather be at Mount Vernon, with a friend or two about me, than to be attended at the seat of government by the officers of state and representatives of every power in Europe.

There was so much to do about the house! Painting and papering! Repair work of all kinds!

General Washington wrote to a friend,

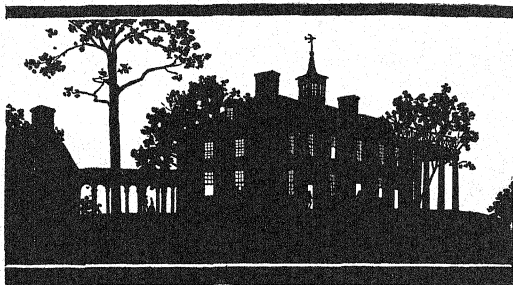
I have scarcely a room to put a friend into, or to sit in myself, without the music of hammers, or the odoriferous smell of paint.

The marble chimney piece in the parlor was almost falling out. There was a new one from Philadelphia to put in the small dining-room. The grate in the large dining-room had become loosened.

Mrs. Martha Washington thought she had never seen so much dirt in a house in all her life! She kept the servants flying here and there with pails and brooms—but they just couldn't keep things very clean!

At last the repairs were finished! At last the fine furniture, silver, china, glass, ornaments and splendid gifts from the Presidential mansion in Philadelphia were arranged.

Mount Vernon had never looked so lovely—so elegant!



Mount Vernon had never looked so lovely.

IV

Miss Nelly Custis had grown to be a great beauty. She had many beaux.

A gentleman from Poland who was visiting her Grandpapa wrote to a friend that a carriage drawn by two horses, and accompanied by a young man on horseback, had just stopped at the door—and that a young lady of most wonderful beauty, followed by an elderly attendant, had got out:

“A celestial being—sometimes dreamed of by poets and painters—whom one cannot see without a feeling of ecstasy. Her sweetness equals her beauty—and that is perfect.”

Miss Nelly was dark-skinned—just as her Aunt Patsy Custis had been. She had lustrous, dark hair which fell in ringlets—great, lovely, dark eyes—and her cheeks were like wild roses! She played the piano—sang—and painted beautifully!

Miss Nelly's younger brother, Mr. Washington Custis, was very much interested in his sister's beaux! He thought she liked Mr. Charles Carroll best. But her Grandpapa did not think so!

General Washington had nineteen nieces and nephews who visited often at Mount Vernon.

One of his nephews, a son of his sister, Mrs. Betty Washington Lewis, was Mr. Lawrence Lewis. His uncle George liked Lawrence so much that he asked him to live at Mount Vernon all the time, and be his secretary, and help him entertain the guests.

Mr. Lawrence Lewis was one of Miss Nelly's beaux. They rode horseback together. They saw oxen plowing in sunny fields, white sheep grazing on green hillsides, deer browsing in cool woods. They walked in the dewy gardens, among patterned flower beds and hedge-bordered paths. They watched the moon rise over the Potomac—a lovely, romantic sight.

Miss Nelly's Grandmamma and Grandpapa and all the servants, who had loved her since she was a tiny girl, were very pleased about all that! They hoped so much that Miss Nelly and Mr. Lawrence would fall in love!

Mr. Washington Custis was much the same sort of

young man his father, Mr. Jack Custis, had been at his age! He caused his grandparents quite a little worry and trouble!

General Washington said he thought the greatest trouble with Washington was,

"indolence in everything that did not tend to his amusements."

Young Custis did not like to study very much! He thought pretty girls, and horse races, and fox hunts, and card-playing were so much nicer!

His Grandpapa had to write letters to him while he was away at school—to tell him that he simply must change his ways!

One time General Washington was very, very angry about something he had done! But Custis promised to do better—so his Grandpapa forgave him. And in his next letter to the young man he wrote,

"no innocent amusement or reasonable expenditure will ever be withheld from you."

General Washington wanted all the young people in his country to have good educations!

There were two reasons for that. One was that he had always felt so sorry because his own education had not been better.

The other was that he really and truly believed that if all the young people in a country had the right sort of

education—that country simply could not help growing happy and rich and great!

He wanted good colleges started in the United States, so that young men would not have to go to England to school.

He gave money to support colleges and schools.

He paid for the education of nine young people in his own family!

He helped pay for the education of George Washington Craik, the son of Dr. Craik, his lifelong friend, of George Washington Greene, the son of General Greene, of Thomas Posey, the son of his old neighbor, Captain John Posey.

General and Mrs. George Washington had been married forty years! On their anniversary, January sixth, they gave a fine party! Everyone wore lovely clothes. Delicious food was served. Everyone was happy.

And then—on February twenty-second, General Washington's sixty-seventh birthday—Miss Nelly Custis and Mr. Lawrence Lewis were married!

The General was so happy about that! He loved Nelly more than anyone in the world except his wife! And she was marrying one of his favorite nephews!

The pretty wedding took place "about candlelight."

Miss Nelly wore such a beautiful dress! When her Grandpapa appeared he was wearing his old uniform of buff and blue. Miss Nelly put her arm about his neck—to tell him how much she loved him in that.

The bride blushed prettily. Her eyes danced and sparkled! Her Grandpapa gave her a fine new harpsichord for a wedding present! He had sent to London for it. It cost a thousand dollars!

V

Summer came. Life was never so gay in the old mansion! Guests came alone—in coach-loads—by whole families! Revolutionary soldiers, members of Congress, the duc d'Orleans who became King Louis Phillippe of France.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Lewis were living there while their lovely new home was being built on a part of the Mount Vernon estate called Woodlawn. General Washington had given Woodlawn to them because it was "a most beautiful site for a gentleman's home."

The General was growing older. His dancing and fox-hunting days were over. But he still rose at four every morning—still rode over his farms every day! A guest who wanted to find him was told to look for "an old gentleman with a white hat and umbrella, riding alone on horseback."

When he came back for dinner, he would give his horse a little flick with the whip—and it would trot off to the stables by itself!

The General saw his guests at dinner—and for a while afterwards. Then he would go to his library—to be alone with his thoughts, his letter-writing, his books.

Mrs. Martha Washington was growing older, too. She still rose at four every morning! She still managed her home as carefully as she had always done. As she went about the house, kitchen, spinning rooms and flower gardens, she wore a white dress, a dainty white apron and cap. Her great bunch of keys hung at her waist. Young Washington Custis declared that his Grandmamma could wear a white dress a whole week—and never get a spot on it!

Mrs. Martha Washington saw her guests from eleven to twelve in the mornings and then she went to her room. At one o'clock she came back, followed by a servant with a great bowl of punch!

Mrs. Martha Washington also spent the evenings with her guests.

VI

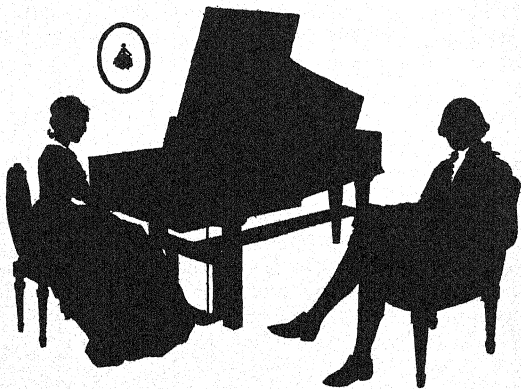
In the fall, General and Mrs. Washington made a few trips to Alexandria to have dinner with their friends. They went to see Mr. Bryan Fairfax—and talked sadly about old times, about the many, many neighbors and friends who had died.

The General's last brother, Charles, had just died. His sister, Mrs. Betty Washington Lewis, had died the year before. The General said,

"I was the first and am now the last of my father's children by the second marriage who remain."

He often asked Mrs. Nelly Custis Lewis to play a song called "The Way Worn Traveler" on her new harpsichord. She thought the music was sad—but it gave him pleasure.

In November, a little girl-baby was born at Mount Vernon, the daughter of Mrs. Nelly Custis Lewis and Mr. Lawrence Lewis. The granddaughter of Mr. Jack



Mrs. Nelly Custis Lewis playing "The Way Worn Traveler" on her new harpsichord.

Custis! The great-granddaughter of Mrs. Martha Washington!

They named her Frances. General Washington thought that tiny Frances Lewis was the very prettiest and nicest and best baby he had ever seen!

On a Wednesday near the middle of December, Mr. Bryan Fairfax, his daughter and son, and a few other friends came to Mount Vernon for dinner, and they all had a pleasant time.

The next day General Washington rode over his farms as usual. He was caught in a storm of snow and hail and sleet which turned later to a fine, chilly rain.

When he reached home for dinner his clothes were damp and wet snow was clinging to his hair. He sat down to dinner without changing his wet clothes.

The next day, Friday, he tramped through three inches of snow, marking trees which he wanted to have cut down between his house and the river.

Friday evening he read the papers to his family. He seemed very cheerful—but he was a little hoarse.

Mr. Tobias Lear asked him if he did not want to take something for his cold. He said,

“No, let it go as it came.”

VII

Between two and three o'clock on Saturday morning, General Washington wakened his wife to tell her that

he was very ill. He could scarcely talk or breathe! And he was shaking very hard with a chill.

Mrs. Martha Washington was so frightened! She wanted to get out of bed and call for help. But her husband would not let her. He was afraid she would take cold, too.

At daylight, Caroline, the colored woman, came in to make a fire. She was very frightened. She ran to call one of the overseers to come and bleed the General—as it would be a long time before a doctor could get there.

So the overseer bled him—and when Dr. Craik and Dr. Dick and Dr. Brown came, they bled him again! Mrs. Washington thought they were bleeding him too much.

What he had was a kind of throat trouble called quinsy. The doctors put hot plasters on his throat.

But General Washington did not grow any better. As the hours passed, it seemed harder and harder for him to breathe.

His wife, Dr. Craik, Mr. Tobias Lear and a few servants remained constantly in the room.

The General called his wife to his bedside. He asked her to bring him two wills from his desk. He did not believe that he was going to get well. He said to Dr. Craik,

“I am not afraid to go.”

Dr. Craik felt so bad that he could not speak. He

pressed the General's hand. Then he went over and sat by the fire, "absorbed in his grief."

Darkness came. Candles shed their soft light. Logs in the fireplace sputtered and flickered. They cast lights and shadows on the walls.

General Washington opened his eyes. He saw the shadows dancing. He closed them again. The shadows changed to men and women—to scenes which he had loved.

His mother and father! His little sister and brothers! The friends he knew at school!

Lawrence! Augustine! Lord Fairfax! Sally! How good to see them all!

The Half-King. The French Commander. General Braddock. Patsy. Jacky. The old fox-hunting friends.

How they smiled! How they beckoned!

"Don't lie in bed, George Washington! Don't be old and ill and sad! You love youth and strength and beauty! The splendor of the ballroom—the glamour of the chase—the strife and the glory of war!

"O, come with us, George Washington! Leap astride your spirited horse! Swim wide rivers. Scale tall peaks. In forests fragrant with pine, seek out the lairs of deer and bear and buffalo!

"Come! Gallop lightly over sun-drenched meadows!

"Come! Ride boldly into far horizons of adventure, gaiety, charm!"

A short, plump old woman, seated at the foot of the bed, asked dully,

"Is he gone?"

When she heard the answer, her head sank on her breast.

THE END

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